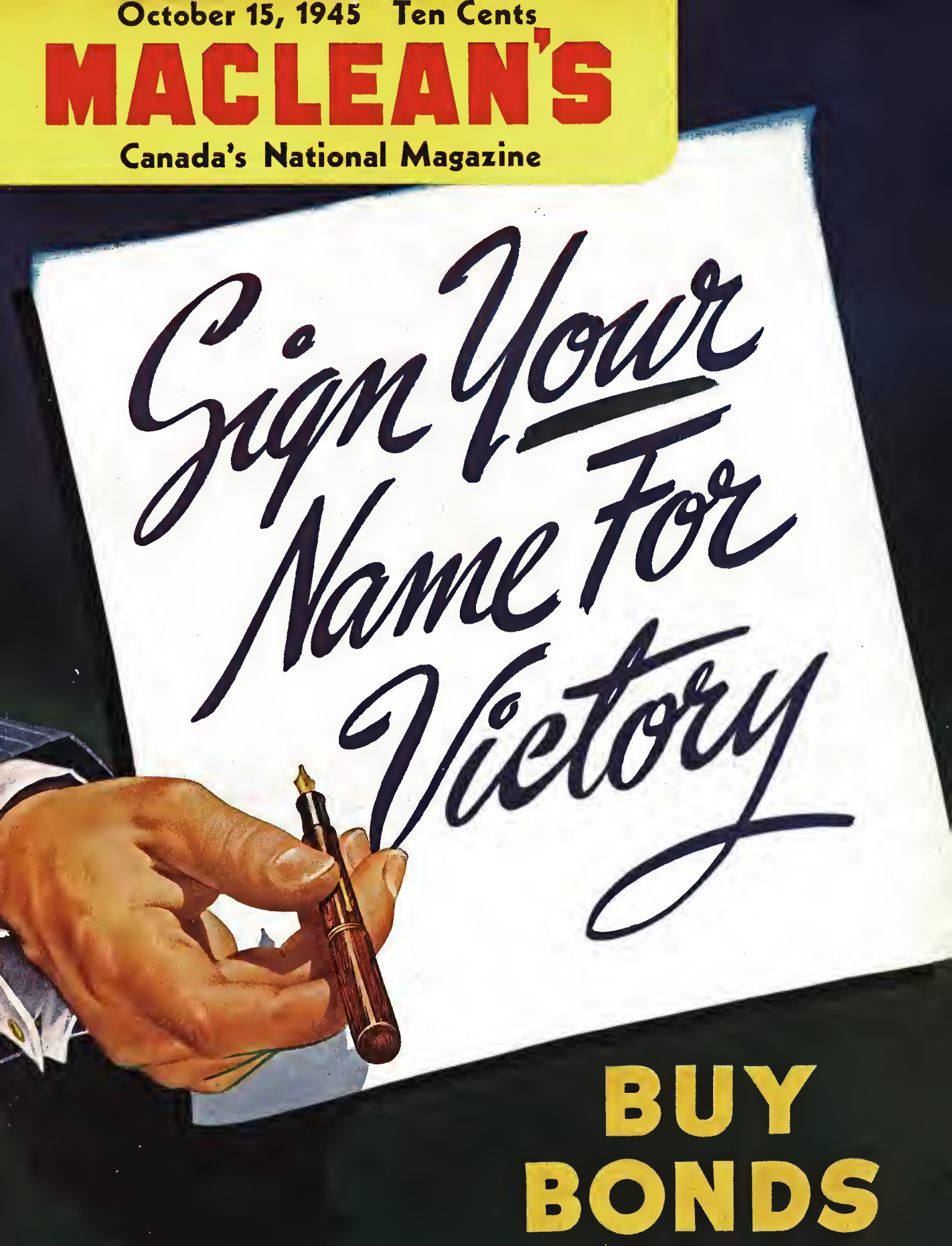
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Editorials

This Bill is For Your Future

CANADA never can write PAID across all her war bills.

She never can write PAID across the wooden crosses which mark the graves of her dead in far-off soil.

The debt to the maimed and blind, and to the bereaved, cannot be erased by money.

But there are obligations which have to be measured in dollars, bills which must be paid.

The wounded and sick must be cared for and restored to health.

Many thousands of servicemen have yet to be brought home. While waiting for ships they must be paid, fed, housed. Shipping is costly.

As they return, veterans must be paid their war service gratuities and re-establishment credits, trained for new jobs, given a good start in civilian life.

Vast sums must be spent on the nation's reconversion to a peace program; in aiding stricken countries to recover a stability that will in time contribute to general prosperity.

So it is that Canada's Ninth Victory Loan will be launched October 22.

The target is $1.5 billion. It is the biggest ever because it is to cover requirements for one year, thus saving the effort and expense of two smaller loans, one of which would have had to be floated now and another next spring.

The money will have to be raised. If it cannot be raised by volunteer loans from the Canadian people, it will have to be extracted by taxation.

The task is not going to be simple. The demobilized serviceman who hasn't yet found a regular job, the worker just discharged from a war plant, isn't going to be able to subscribe much.

Nevertheless, there is plenty of money in this country. By Victory Loan time the savings which Canadians will have in the banks promise to be the highest in history.

Purchase of Victory Bonds, of course, is a continuance of an individual's savings program. And it is in the interests of the individual to continue to save.

Finance Minister Ilsley has pointed out that while war production has come to an end and production for civilian use is on the way up, the supply of new things to buy at current prices is still very much less than the amount of spendable money in the hands of Canadians. Therefore, as long as this condition remains, there will be upward pressure on prices—"pressure which could lead to inflation, then to mass unemployment, misery and hardship."

"Spending increases this pressure," said Mr. Ilsley. "Saving reduces it. So continued saving, by the purchase of Ninth Victory Loan Bonds, helps to keep the cost of living under control, and to maintain the buying power of our money. By helping to maintain stability it will help us to win the peace."

We think the average man is aware of the soundness of this reasoning. Providing the Government makes him equally sure that there will be no extravagant or wasteful spending, we have every confidence that when the campaign closes the world will be saying:

THOSE CANADIANS—THEY'VE DONE IT AGAIN!

The Housing Emergency

IN THIS issue of Maclean's Blair Fraser reports on the living conditions imposed by the housing shortage on many returned service men, their wives and families.

It's a deplorable state of affairs, made none the less palatable by the fact that many of the reasons for it are understandable.

What must be uppermost in the veteran's mind is the knowledge that when he joined up accommodation was very quickly provided. Quarters for the Army, Navy and Air Force were constructed with considerable speed. In the sudden emergency of war, materials and labor were mobilized.

Now we are confronted by a sudden emergency of peace, by our first huge, critical post-war job—that of providing adequate shelter for those who bore the brunt of war. Despite all efforts to get things moving, the various schemes are not making fast enough progress.

The problem of shortages is complicated, and in the matter of planning, "blame" is perhaps not the word to use, but it is obvious that the job has to be tackled with the same drive with which we tackled the emergencies of war, and, if necessary, with the use of similar measures.

Clothing Call

CANADIANS may not be able to order a double breasted suit or buy nylon stockings, but we haven't heard of anyone having to go out clad in old newspapers.

In Belgium there are families whose only garment is one shirt for eight persons. In Greece six out of seven people have no shoes. In China there is hardly a garment without patches. In Yugoslavia notice of a death brings crowds to the home offering fabulous sums for the deceased's clothing. In France, Norway, Poland and other countries lack of clothing, shoes and bedding is starkly tragic. Something like 125 million people (including 30 million children) cannot find enough rags to cover themselves.

How about passing on some of your spare used clothing?

On behalf of UNRRA the Canadian United Allied Relief Fund is conducting a national clothing collection. It asks for garments for both winter and summer wear, men's, women's and children's suits; odd coats, shirts, trousers; dresses, skirts, blouses, aprons; overcoats and jackets in all sizes; scarves, shawls; footwear (fastened firmly in pairs), blankets.

Clothing need not be in perfect repair. All types of washable garments should be washed before they are given to the collection, but need not be ironed. Other garments should be clean and sanitary, but need not be dry-cleaned.

There is probably a local collection committee in your vicinity. If not, headquarters of the National Clothing Collection is 130 Queen Street, Ottawa.

Now, let's get at those clothes closets.

MACLEAN'S
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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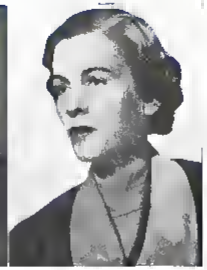
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IN THE *Editor's Confidence*



Hugh MacLennan



Gwethalyn Graham

Judges in Maclean's Short Story Contest.

WE CAN now report that reading of the 2,135 manuscripts entered in Maclean's Canadian short-story contest has progressed to a point where a selection is going forward to the final judges. It is with considerable satisfaction that we announce that two of Canada's best known authors have agreed to collaborate with the editors in that capacity — Gwethalyn Graham and Hugh MacLennan.

Miss Graham, of course, is the author of "Earth and High Heaven," the novel, book and movie rights sales of which would have made her a fortune had it not been for the Tax Collector on each side of the line. Born in Ontario in 1913, with a barrister father keen on painting and a mother who graduated brilliantly in classics, she has happy memories of a childhood spent in a home which shattered, in addition to the immediate family, of six a hundred pound Newfoundland dog, a collection of cats, 30 white mice and a lot of goldfish, not to mention chickens in the back garden. Later she attended a Swiss boarding school (which she loathed), toured Europe went to Smith College in Massachusetts, started writing where she was 19. Her first published novel, "Swiss Sonata," was started when she was 21, finished two years later and rewritten in 1937.

Hugh MacLennan's latest novel, "Two Solitudes" has caused more discussion than any Canadian book published in a long time, is continuing to sell so briskly that it may well beat the record of the previous MacLennan book, "Barometer Rising"—100,000 copies in Canada. Recently we published a feature article on Mr MacLennan (written by his wife, Dorothy Duncan), so all we need to offer as a refresher course is that he comes of a Nova Scotia Highland family, graduated from Oxford and Princeton, became a teacher of classics and history at Lower Canada College and turned to writing. He lives in Montreal in the winter and in Hatley, P.Q., in summer.

●Established in a vacant lot on Toronto's University Avenue, right alongside the General Hospital, there is a trailer colony. The other morning passers-by were given something to think about. On the side of one of the trailers, decorated with small flags was a sign reading WELCOME HOME, SON. On page five Blair Fraser tells the fuller story of the situation created by the lack of houses. The title is "Hovels for Heroes" and before you decide that it's rather too colorful a phrase, you'd better read that story.

●The worries of people who have homes don't begin to compare with the worries of those who can't get a home, but there is one such worry which forms the subject of another article in this issue, and that is the question of finding domestic help. The late Sir William Mulock used to say that the chief explanation of his living so long was that he had had the same household staff for more than 30 years. That was nothing to the experience of a 55-year-old retired general we heard of who boasts of having had the same cook for 64 years. She is now 82. You can fill in your own exclamation marks. On page 10 Katharine Kent discusses the present Crisis in the Kitchen, outlines some of the suggestions made for a better status for household assistants and tells how some housewives have managed to get round their difficulties.

H. Napier Moore

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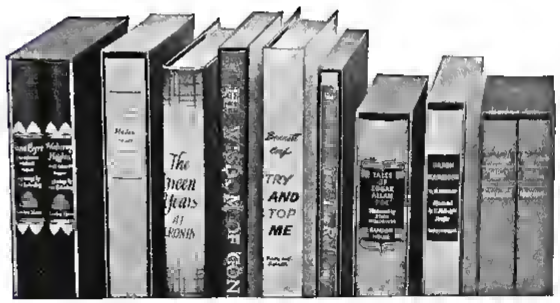


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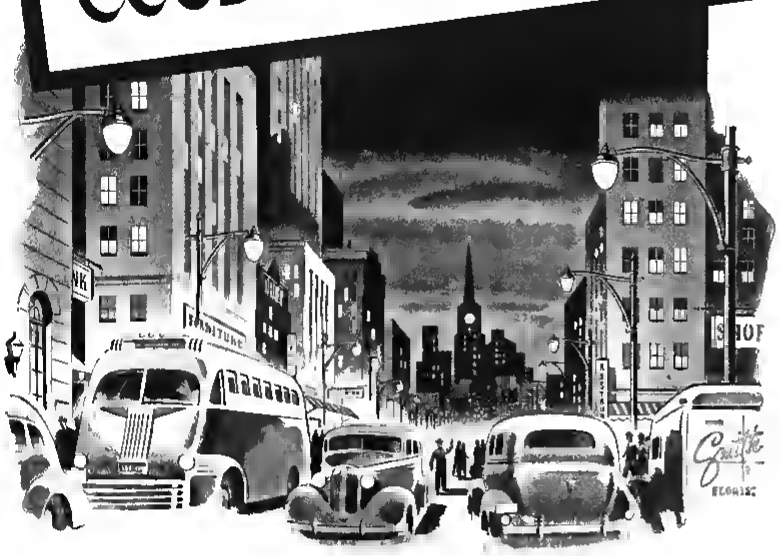
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Hovels for Heroes

By BLAIR FRASER
Maclean's Ottawa Editor

ON THE door was one of these WELCOME HOME signs that they sell in 15-cent stores. It looked a little pathetic in the dingy, ill lighted hallway, but the full irony of it wasn't visible until the elderly lady opened the door to show me into the "apartment" itself.

Over in one corner of the big room a boy in khaki was pressing his sergeant's tunic. He had the ironing board set up between an electric stove and a kitchen table, piled with neat stacks of dishes and of food—they had no pantry. Laundry hung to dry on the screen of a fireplace that didn't work.

Another boy in uniform was asleep on the chesterfield, so soundly asleep that he didn't stir during half an hour's talk in normal voices. A third soldier sat in a corner, smoking. One of his sisters leaned across the back of a kitchen chair, her head on the table, looking as dead tired as a human being could well be.

Eight people lived in that big room, and in the unselfish bedroom that could be seen through a doorless archway on one side. Exactly what they all slept on it wasn't easy to make out. There were the father and mother, elderly Scottish folk, two daughters and a schoolboy son. Now three more of the boys had got home from overseas. A fifth boy was expected Sunday, and he would have to live here too—there was nowhere else for him to go.

All over Canada servicemen are facing the same kind of thing. Reports from Maclean's correspondents in every major city of Canada all tell the same story—no vacant dwellings. Only Mattawa, Ont., was named as having any houses to spare, even the gold mining towns, which lost population during the war, are now reported to be crowded once more.

"Emergency Quarters"

AND IN spite of the earnest efforts now going on there's little hope that enough permanent housing can be built in time for the winter. "The only course I can see," said the chairman of a Canadian Legion welfare committee, "is for the Government to turn some of their temporary buildings into emergency quarters."

That's what had been done in the case of the "apartment" described above. It was, in fact, the biggest and best of a dozen dwelling units provided as emergency shelter by the City of Ottawa. The building is an old Knights of Columbus hall. The Army took it over first, then the city acquired it and converted it to living quarters for servicemen's families who couldn't find other homes.

Times are not charity cases. The city collects $30 a month for each two room apartment unfurnished and most tenants could pay more if decent places were available. What they get for their $30 isn't much.

None of the apartments has a bathroom. Eight families on the two upper floors have the use of two lavatories, with two basins and two toilets in each. One of the women's toilets has no door, but they've rigged a sheet as a screen. There are no bathtubs. Two showers in a damp and grubby basement serve all 11 families.

One "apartment" on the top floor is divided by a wallboard screen into living room dining room kitchen on one side (no sink, though) and bedroom on the other. Nine people eat and five sleep in that room—father and mother in one double bed, three girls in the other. Down the hall is another bedroom where four boys, one of them just back from Europe, sleep in two beds.

But these upstairs people are well off. They have doors and walls between them and their neighbors, except in the bathroom they have some privacy. Downstairs it's different.

In what used to be the auditorium, "rooms" have been made for three families. The wallboard partitions

Scene: Ottawa. Home for eight — this room and one bedroom.



Crowded homes, makeshift homes, no homes at all! Here's the sorry story of veterans' housing

are a little more than six feet high—a tall man could peek over them by standing on tiptoe—and there are no doors, just gray blankets for curtains. Each room about 12 ft. square serves as bedroom, living room, dining room, kitchen. One of them sheltered a returned veteran, his wife and two small children. The wife and children had it while he was away, and when the father came back he could find nothing else for them, had to move in too. Rent $15 a month.

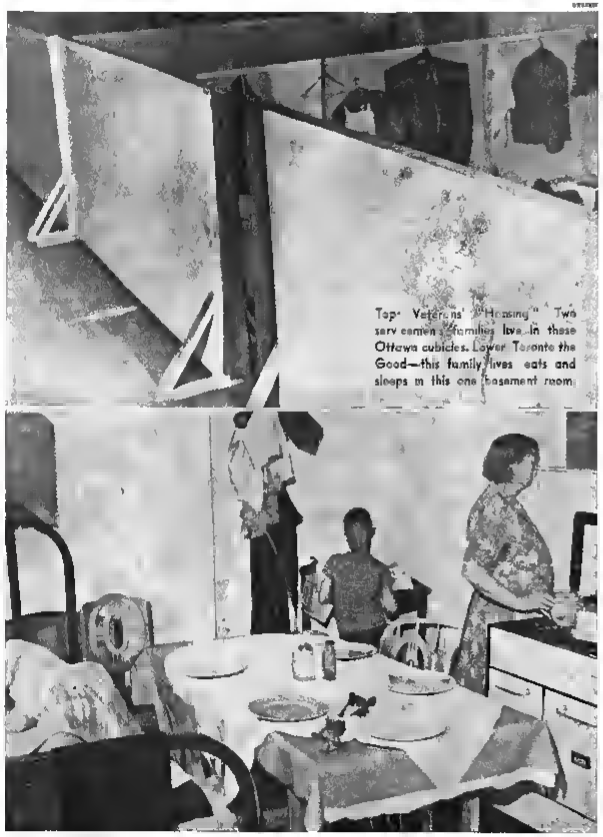
Of the 11 families now living there, 10 are pretty unhappy. "You have to live here to know what it's like," an alternate young wife said. But the 11th family was fairly content. They'd been looking for a place ever since the father got out of the Army last January, so to them the emergency "apartment" looked like a palace.

"We'd been sleeping crossways in a double bed, the whole five of us," the young father said. "Now we've got a bed for ourselves and one for the kids; it's a lot better. Got a piece of beaverboard down the middle of the room too, gives a little privacy, and the young ones get to sleep earlier at night."

This man wasn't bitter as much as bewildered. But right across the country welfare workers and Legion officers report the bitterness growing.

A man one Shelter Registry will never forget was the young flier whose shoulder socket had been hit. He could move his arm only with great difficulty, and he had trouble getting to sleep because he couldn't turn over. This lad got married just before he went overseas, and his wife had been living with her mother in a two-room apartment. Now the young husband was living there too.

"There's one double bed in the place," he told the Shelter Registry, "and my wife and her mother sleep together in it. What can I do? I can't turn the old lady out of her bed. So I sleep on the chesterfield.



Top: Veterans' "Housing." Two servicemen's families live in these Ottawa cubicles. Lower: Toronto the Good—this family lives, eats and sleeps in this one basement room.

Ever try sleeping on a chesterfield with a broken shoulder? And I can't even get to bed until everybody else has gone, because it's right in the living room."

This went on for months. They finally did find a house for the boy, not long before his wife had her baby, but he was very near a nervous breakdown when his luck turned.

As winter approaches, the situation gets worse. A case in point was the insurance man discharged a full year ago, an older man than the average veteran, whose health had suffered in the Army.

"I was one of the lucky ones, I thought," he said. "My wife took the three kids to live with her parents, out of town. When I got home and got my old job back we traded houses with another chap and we all moved up, the in-laws too. But then the house was sold from under us, and we had to get out the end of May.

"First my wife went to a neighbor's summer camp, a shack in the woods—she had to carry water in buckets for the baby, washing and all. She couldn't stand it. Meanwhile her parents got an apartment in a summer place just outside town, a big, rambling, draughty house that they ve cut up into four two-room apartments. So my wife and two children moved in with the old folks, and we put the oldest girl in a convent. I get a room in town—I go out to see them on Sundays.

"But now the boys are back from overseas, my wife's brothers. Three of them. They had to move in with their parents too; they'd no place else to go. So now there's eight people out there, six grownups and two children."

How could eight people sleep in two small rooms?

"They are the verandah, they ve got cots lined up there."

But what would they do when the weather got cold?

He grinned ruefully. "It a cold now," he said. This was in September. "I don't know what we'll do none of us know."

Hundreds are in the same plight all over Canada. In Edmonton, Maclean's correspondent reported five families living in tents up to Sept. 1. Three more lived in one-car garages. An Army private with a crippled wife and six children was on the point of eviction into the street—indeed, a picket line of 25 people had actually formed up to defy the bailiffs when word came that the city had found them shelter in the onetime baby clinic at the Edmonton exhibition grounds.

"Freezing Order" Thawed

JULY'S "freezing order" stopped most evictions-by-sale, but not all of them. A Canadian Legion official was explaining this one evening when a boy happened to drop in who provided a perfect example.

"I'm just out of the Navy," he said, "and I live with my folks at 327 Blank Street. Now the place is sold and we have to get out next week. Haven't anywhere to go, and my mother's sick—Dad's not too well either."

Didn't he know about the freezing order? That tenants couldn't be evicted even by the owner of the house?

"Sure, I know." The boy smiled without humor. "We fought this thing in court, and we lost. The guy who bought it is a war veteran too, and he used his gratuity for the down payment. Bought it before the freezing order came out, so the court's letting him have it. He wants a place to take his wife. She's living with his folks, and she claims she's living in one room, but the only reason she stays in the one room is she can't get on with his people. So they're putting us on the street because she don't like her mother-in-law."

The alleged "preference for veterans" doesn't always work, though here it's not the Government but the private citizen who falls down. In Vancouver an ex-Army captain with a good civilian job put the following ad in the Daily Province:

> "DISCHARGED VETERAN with well-known firm desires to rent house in good district. Good care of property guaranteed. Agreeable to short- or long-term occupancy."

He ran that ad for three days and got two replies, neither of them suitable. Then he put in the same ad with one alteration. In place of the words "DISCHARGED VETERAN" he put "BUSINESS-MAN." He got 14 replies, and a house.

That chap was lucky in being able to pay a high rent—there are still a few houses to be got if you pay enough for them. But none of the homeless veterans is destitute, and most aren't even poor. One of Edmonton's tent dwellers was an RCAF wing commander, with his wife and five children; they spent three months under canvas before getting temporary winter shelter in a converted building at the exhibition grounds.

Vancouver needs 25,000 houses before the shortage will be wholly ended, in the judgment of the emergency shelter administrator, Air Marshal Leigh Stevenson. In Halifax the overcrowding has been so fantastic all through the war that even the exodus since V-J Day has brought little relief.

Winnipeg's rehabilitation committee sent out cards to 20,000 landlords and householders asking help for house-hunting veterans. Only 200 bothered to reply. The Calgary committee opened a special veterans' housing registry. It got 137 applications in two days, but it was able to place only two veterans.

Montreal reported not only shortage but racketeering too. Veterans tell Legion *Continued on page 83*

To the Japanese amid his ruins, war and defeat were a "regrettable accident," the consequences of which he must accept because his Emperor says so

By Col. Richard S. Malone

TOKYO (By Wireless)—The attitude of the average Japanese to his present plight, in my opinion, was best summed up by a very old English-speaking Japanese woman at the front desk of our hotel.

She was scarcely the size of a nine-year-old Canadian child. She sat patiently copying English signatures from the hotel register to an account book, imitating the writing style of each guest.

When I asked her to get me a connection through the Tokyo telephone exchange she readily obliged and tried hard for 15 minutes. Then she turned to me with a sad smile and said: "It's very difficult. Many people had to move and many wires are down since the regrettable accident."

What are the thoughts of these people who can offhand refer to the world's greatest war and their own smashing defeat as a "regrettable accident"? Have they any sense of war guilt? Do they crave revenge? What treatment do they expect from their conquerors? Are they horrified by the tortures their armies inflicted on their enemies? How did they react to food shortages, bombing raids? And how should we treat them?

Undoubtedly the greatest problem facing the Allies in dealing with these Japanese is getting to understand a race whose thinking processes and aims are as several centuries apart.

One of the best illustrations of their peculiar mixture of modern and ancient thinking was provided by Foreign Minister Mamoru Shigemitsu, the Emperor's representative at the surrender ceremonies. He is unquestionably a highly educated and able minister. He has travelled extensively and has had many dealings with Westerners. But, I learned, before he left for the signing ceremonies he spent hours composing a few short lines of flowery Japanese poetry.

Again next day, in the company of various court functionaries, he paid a solemn visit to the sacred shrines to convey to the spirits the Emperor's gracious message that the war was over and asking the spirits' pardon. Meanwhile Imperial messengers were dispatched to far distant shrines with similar messages to the spirits there.

Only in such things as science, commerce and industry can Japan be called modern. In government these people still conform to the old feudal system—rule by a shogun war lord. It will require years of education before the average citizen thinks for himself and is not led blindly.

Even apart from the subhuman attitude of every Japanese the language difficulty makes it hard to fathom what these conquered people actually think about their present plight.

Some of the best clues I encountered came from the political correspondent of a large Tokyo daily, who had spent much time in America and England. As a war correspondent he had accompanied the BEF in 1939 along with Greg Clark, Toronto, and he had been in the London Blitz of 1940. I had long and seemingly frank talks with him.

Here is what he told me:

Why did civilians and soldiers show no apparent emotion on our arrival except a few grins? The Japanese are really emotional but are trained never to exhibit their feelings. Undoubtedly the soldiers felt hatred but, with instructions from their Emperor, they had to be resigned to occupation. Country people frequently have no knowledge of foreigners and are shy of them and that's why farmers in the fields didn't look up from their crops, or turned their backs on us. The grins were part of the usual Japanese reaction to an *Continued on page 89*



This was Tokyo's fashionable shopping district.

JAPAN IN DEFEAT



Right: All that's left of one Jap home.
Below: Guards bow politely to freed captives.



HOME IS THE HUNTER

By JOHN RANDOLPH PHILLIPS

Illustrated by Walter Haffren

That red day at Caen had done something to Neil. But a girl who loved him and a man who'd also fought showed him the way back

THE tang of autumn was pungent in the October air when Tom Anthony awoke that morning. Stepping in from the room on bare feet, he leaned against the window sill. In fancy he smelled burning leaves, saw a brace of dogs pointing and heard the explosive clatter of a rising grouse.

Now if it were three years ago, he and Phil would be down yonder at the farm. They'd have a couple of good breakfasts under their belts and they'd be just starting the day's hunt, and he would be saying to Phil: "I've trifled with you long enough, son. Today the old man's going to show you he's just as good a shot as you are."

He walked suddenly back to the bed and sat down. Often in the mornings he couldn't at first realize that Phil was never coming back. The kid would seem to be in the room with him. Then as his wits sharpened, he would remember.

For a while now he let his thoughts dwell upon Phil, then resolutely transferred them to June. Today June was coming home. June, who had gone to England as a V.A.D., was coming home today, bringing with her the husband she'd married in England. Anthony recalled lines from June's last letter:

"Neil reminds me of Phil. Dad, in so many ways. He has the same grey eyes and the same way of smiling so suddenly that it takes your breath. He loves to hunt, too, and I keep thinking—praying, I guess, Dad—that he will make up to you for some of the things you lost in Phil."

Anthony dressed hurriedly. A glance at his watch told him he'd have time for a quick breakfast down town. Then he'd go to the station. He hadn't let anyone know June was coming; he wanted to meet June and her husband all by himself.

Waiting at the station, he lived part of his life over again, as he had been doing often of late. He saw himself coming home in 1918 from that other war, a kid of 21 but a battle-toughened veteran. He saw Martha and his mother waving to him before the train stopped.

Martha had died when Phil was seven and June five. Folks said she couldn't raise the children herself, but he had raised them. He remembered them as kids—June a willowy little thing with enormous blue eyes, Phil sturdy and gay and adventurous. He'd loved June with all his heart, but Phil—well, Phil had been his other self.

They'd been closer out hunting, he supposed, than anywhere else. Never would he forget the joy that rushed through him when at last he knew for a certainty that Phil had inherited his love for dogs and guns and the turning poplars. For the clean, bright, elemental things of the outdoors.

Ah, the times they'd had together! Some days they were lucky. Other days they didn't get enough game to make a skillet smell, but always they had fun. He had taught Phil everything he knew about hunting and had instilled in him his own steadfast ideals of sportsmanship.

"Never kill more than you can use, son. Always give the other fellow the breaks and don't ever be a claimer. If you don't like a run, never quit both of you in false positions by hustling with him. When you miss an easy shot get as mad as you want to with yourself, but don't ever let me catch you ribbing."

The weathered thinned in and Anthony snapped out of his reverie. June, as lovely as ever, with her coppery hair shining in the early sunlight, ran down the steps into his arms. Holding her close, Anthony looked over her shoulder and saw Neil. Like Phil, he thought, only thinner and a bit taller.

They shook hands, he and Neil and Anthony looked his son-in-law up and down. He was still a youngster, this Sergeant Neil Kendrick. Looking at him, Anthony wanted to cry out, "You're not a veteran infantryman. You never saw Normandy. You weren't cited for bravery in the early days of the European invasion. You didn't stand alone in Caen and mow down a who's street full of Germans. A tough old general never called you a one man division."

But it was true, all true. June had written him.

Anthony led the way to the car. When they reached the house he helped June and Neil carry their bags up to June's old room, and then went down the stairs. He stood at one of the library windows, but in thought, a rugged man of 46 whose hair was still dark, presently he heard a step and, turning, saw Neil.

June's unpacking. I came down—the boy hesitated—"well, to sort of get acquainted with you, sir. I guess."

"That's fine, Neil. Sit down."

"I suppose June has told you how we met. That was after Caen. I was in the hospital a long while."

"Caen was where you machine gunned that whole street full of Germans."

"It wasn't a whole street full, sir. I got separated from my outfit and I was a fool to jump that gang by myself." He shuddered. "They fell like flies. They fell exactly like flies. All except one man. The last man. He—"

Neil stopped abruptly and in his brooding eyes that were so like Phil's, Anthony saw the nightmare that had been Caen. He wanted to ask Neil about that last man. Somehow that one man was tremendously important to Neil. Anthony wanted to ask him why, but didn't.

"What are your plans, Neil?"

"Get my discharge." Neil said. Then, a little vaguely, "After that hunt up a job."

"We might—" Anthony began. But he didn't want to go hunting; he never wanted to shoulder a shotgun again. Still incredibly, he heard his voice pick up, heard himself saying: "While you're here we might get in a hunt. June wrote that you liked hunting."

"Back home in Alberta I did a lot of it, sir."

Anthony wheeled away from the boy and stood looking out the window again. Finally he said: "Then we'll go down to the farm tomorrow, you and June and I. Maybe we'll stay the rest of the week. The tenant on the place can put us up."

THEY started the next morning in pitch blackness, on the 40-mile drive to the farm. June sat in front between Anthony and Neil. The two English setters rode in the trunk. Piled on the back seat was Anthony's hunting gear and the gear that had been Phil's and that Neil would use today.

Anthony was in his element again. From time to time he stole glances at the boy whose resemblance to Phil increased with every glance. Only Anthony had never seen that brooding look in Phil's merry eyes. He wished Neil would quit thinking back to Caen. That episode was better forgotten.

At daylight they reached Anthony's farm. Woodley, the tenant, and Mrs. Woodley called them into the kitchen for hot coffee. Neil drank his in silence while Anthony and June talked with the Woodleys.

"Plenty of grouse this season," Woodley said. "But we've had too damned much rain. Reg'lar cloudburst yestiddy. Creeks ont of their banks—and Punch River is drunk with her Sunday clothes on."

Leaving June with the Woodleys, Anthony led Neil back to the car, released the dogs, got out the hunting coats and shells and finally the guns. Lovingly his fingers clung to the polished stock and the delicately, exquisitely engraved lock plates of the gun that had been Phil's.

"Son," he told Neil, "if there's any doubt in your mind how you stand with me, this ought to cure it. I am going to let you use Phil's gun."

"I'd—I'd rather not, sir, if—if—"

"If what?"

The boy exerted sudden control over himself. "Thank you, sir. I'll be proud to use it. A fine little 16-gauge, isn't it? Phil—Phil was a crack shot, wasn't he?"

"The best I ever hunted with," said Anthony.

With the dogs romping ahead of them, they crossed a field, and climbed the fence into the old orchard with its gnarled apple trees and long brown grass. Anthony stole a look at Neil.

Oh, Lord Anthony prayed silently, let him be what I hope he is. Let him be a good shot—but not too good. Let him handle his gun with care. Let him be clean and generous. Let him get more fun out of the hunting than the killing.

"Point, sir!"

Jonah had found and Saul was backing. Anthony said: "You take the left and I'll take the right. Careful, Saul!" The covey of grouse thundered up. Two birds swung wide to the right and Anthony downed them both. Looking around, he saw smoke curling from the muzzle of Neil's gun. "Get both of yours, son?"

"I didn't get either. I reckon I'm out of practice." Then belatedly the boy added: "Nice shooting you did, sir."

"That was a small covey," Anthony said. "We'll let the singles go. Fetch, Jonah! Saul! Fetch! Sure you didn't get mixed up, Neil, and shoot one of those birds?"

"I stuck to my side of the covey, sir," Neil replied dully.

"Well, don't look so gloomy. I guess you're out of practice."

The next covey was in tall weeds on the bank of the swollen branch creek that rushed down toward Punch River. The birds were spooky, flushing wild and out of range. They made a precarious crossing on a slender footlog only inches above the stream and followed the singles. When Saul located one, Anthony said: "Your shot, Neil."

"You take him, sir."

"Your shot, son."

Neil stepped in. Anthony waited tensely. The bird rocketed out of its hiding place. Neil took his time, then blazed away twice. Anthony swore under his breath. He was uncertain, bewildered. It wasn't in the books for a man to handle a gun as sweetly, so cleanly, as Neil did and keep on missing. The suspicion came to him suddenly, like a cartridge exploding in his brain, that Neil had missed on purpose and he was more bewildered than ever.

"Let's try another location," he said. "We'll work over to the Punch River flats. That's hardy country."

Finding much of the low grounds flooded, they turned west toward the ridge adjacent to the river with its golden poplar and sparse evergreen. In the old days Anthony and Phil had always relied on this section.

Tramping along with Neil at his side, Anthony turned his suspicion over and over in his mind. The more he did this the surer he became and the surer he became the less he could understand it. Maybe he could mention the matter to June in private. Then, again, maybe he couldn't. It was a ticklish sort of thing.

AHEAD of him he glimpsed Saul on point, with Jonah backing, and he said crisply: "Let's get hunting, Neil. We've got a long way to go to get our limits."



"Yes darling," June said. "I understand."

"The limit's 10, you said?"

"Ten's right. Now—"

"Okay. Let's get!" The dry, harsh quality of Neil's voice made Anthony wince. But the boy didn't look at him. He stared straight ahead, his eyes blank. "Let's go!" he repeated, and his voice was the voice of a tough sergeant issuing orders to a rookie.

The covey exploded out of the open wonder six feet in red bombs, but for some reason he won't ever be able to explain Tom Anthony did not fire his gun. He simply stood and watched Neil, and he saw plenty. The two reports from Neil's gun were so close together that they sounded like one shot. Two birds crumpled instantly, both of them centered, and before the covey was out of sight Neil had ejected the empties, crammed in fresh shells, and was toeing for still another shot.

"Well!" Anthony said. "Well! I guess you've come back into your own. I never saw anybody handle a gun that fast. Hey! Wait and let the dogs retrieve!"

But Neil ran on ahead, found the birds himself, gazed at them a moment, then stuffed them hurriedly into his pocket.

"Let's get busy on the singles," he called.

Anthony followed with sudden reluctance. Jonah found a single. Anthony missed with the first barrel, and before he could get in his second shot Neil knocked the bird down. Nor did he offer any explanation. Later another single flushed at Anthony's very feet, and again Neil didn't wait. The bird fell at the crack of the gun a scant 30 feet in front of Anthony.

"There're other singles around here," Neil said, and Anthony had the sudden feeling that this hard lipped youngster would if let alone beat the covey down to the last bird.

"We'll let 'em go," Anthony said firmly, "and look for another covey. Don't you Albertans believe in leaving some for seed?"

Neil didn't answer.

They plowed through brush into a section where the trees were thicker and where consequently the shooting would be extremely difficult. From then on Anthony saw the greatest exhibition of shooting he was ever to witness. Another covey was located and Neil had downed two before Anthony was able to get off his first shot.

They went after the singles, but the heart had gone out of Tom Anthony. He thought: I know now why he missed on purpose. He was playing with me—and I cared how much better he can shoot! He wanted to let me get ahead of him, and then he'd show me up and nail every bird that flushed. The damned pup!

A bird broke cover behind them and Neil, whirling made what Anthony would have considered an impossible shot.

"How many do you have now?" Anthony called.

"Seven. Only three more to go." Neil spoke as if getting the other three

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Why didn't the boy move in? Why did he just stand there?

Crisis in the Kitchen

By KATHARINE KENT

"Be mine, sweet maid," begs the housewife—But the girls who've tasted war plant pay say the last thing they'll do is dust or wield a mop again

WHO'S going to do the housework?

"Not I!" cries the back-weary housewife who once had a general at $35 a month and a char once a week for three dollars and carfare. "I want my maid back!"

"Not I," says Rosie the Riveter, who has been making more in a week since she started pushing a factory time clock than she once made in a month as a kitchen mechanic.

"Not I," chimes in Tillie the Stone. She's not an awfully good typist, but the war gave her a chance to get into office work and she's not going to give it up willingly.

So stand battle lines at present. There's trouble cooking in the kitchen.

What's it all about? Just this: Thousands of girls now being let out of war plants and the uniformed services have made it clear that dogsbody employment of the pre-war type is the last job in the world that they'll take. Thousands of housewives who took it for granted the girls in a re-trally would make a hop skip and jump from the punch press to the broom, are in for a terrible letdown.

Who's going to do the housework?

It's clear enough that almost nobody wants to. At the time of writing some thousands of women have already been laid off at war plants in the Toronto district.

On a typical day only 200 women were listed with NES as looking for a job.

None of the 200 wants to be a domestic.

Why?

First, there's the plain loneliness of the domestic's job. There's no one to speak to except the mistress of the house, and she's not necessarily a "good companion" like Myrtle on the next lathe.

Second, there are the long hours of work for which one afternoon a week and every second Sunday off do not compensate.

Third is the subconscious to the wishes—sometimes the whims—of another woman who not only owns your place of employment but also your place of leisure. Fourth is social stigma. Fifth used to be low wages.

There are more reasons, too, but these are enough to indicate the problem. And anyone who can add up all the points and come out with an answer that will please both mistress and maid can be practically sure of immortal fame.

In the meantime the "servant problem," always good for a pre-war joke, has become acute. It is no longer a laughing matter for thousands of wives and mothers now practically imprisoned in their homes by domestic and family duties.

The basic reason for the situation is that between 1939 and 1944 the number of women at work in Canada was doubled. In the last year of peace 600 000 of them were gainfully employed, a quarter of them as domestic service. Five years later the total had climbed fantastically to 1,200,000. In the process maids and cooks were drained by the thousands into jobs that paid better and carried more social prestige.

Though it may surprise the housewife who has found it next to impossible to keep a maid during the last three or four years, the Dominion Bureau of Statistics reports that the number of domestic workers actually rose slightly during the war. But there's no explanation for that; more women than ever could afford a maid. In fact, when many of them stepped into factory jobs they simply had to hire someone to look after the house when they were away.



What happened then? There just weren't enough maids to go around. And mistresses who had the money did not pay prices of domestic help beyond the range of many of suburbanite pocketbook.

What's to be done? What can be done to solve the housemaker's problem and at the same time raise the status of those women who work for other women?

The Canadian Youth Commission have taken a swipe at solving the puzzle and have also taken into account one other factor—value received by the employee. They argue that it's plain foolishness to assume that all females naturally possesses all the competence and characteristics of a successful housewife—and few housewives will debate the point.

"If we are to have an adequate supply of trained household workers," says the CYC, "positive steps must be taken to provide adequate training facilities."

They recommend, as did the Women's Subcommittee of the Advisory Committee on Reconstruction, a plan which has worked pretty well in France and other European countries—a plan which enables a girl to train while she is working on a part-time basis and with the joint collaboration of employer and school. Or, the Commission suggests, why not revive the training scheme for household workers operated by the Government in the later years of the depression? Speeded up of course, beyond the two-year output of 7,000 at a time when a quarter million women were working in household and allied services. Then there could be "postgraduate" courses, probably night classes, working toward some special proficiency certificate. And finally, the Youth Commission recommends specialized "continuation" courses in such subjects as hotel and café work, invalid and child care, special cookery, etc.

Thus having contrived to train girls to deliver value, the Commission goes on to outline what value they may expect to receive. In 1937 a Philadelphia committee representing the Board of Education and the YWCA of that city outlined a code which the Youth Commission endorses. For workers living out this code advocates a 48-hour week, with a workday of eight hours and a two weeks' trial period for both employer and employee. The employer provides uniforms and two meals and $12 a week, with 25c an hour for overtime. The worker living in may be asked to work 54 hours a week, with fixed arrangements for time off, and be paid a minimum of $10 a week with overtime at 25c an hour. To settle cases and for all the basis of whether a maid asleep in a house with children in it while the parents are out is working or not, the committee calls that activity being "on call" and says each hour of it should count as half an hour of actual work.

There must, of course, be some way to ensure that both employer and employee stick to the bargain. The Canadian Youth Commission suggests several. First, let a firm contract be signed, covering hours of work, wages, days off, living conditions, arrangements for the maid to entertain, etc. Then let us have an agency to supervise the carrying out of the contracts, perhaps the agency which places the workers. For further protection for the worker the Commission advocates unionization of domestic workers with the purpose of collective bargaining as a result.

To round it off, the Commission recommends that minimum wage laws, workmen's compensation and unemployment insurance benefits be extended to household workers.

So much for the full-time maid.

Part-time Aid

WHEN it comes to the part-timer the planners really get ingenious. A scheme which was in full operation before the war in Brantford, Toronto, Hamilton, Ottawa, London, St. Catharines, Montreal, Winnipeg and Vancouver, and is going on a reduced scale now, proved to be the answer to a mother's prayer for emergency help. It is the plan for providing "visiting housemakers," operated by local organizations and helped financially by community chests and family welfare agencies. Fledgling "homemakers" are given a concentrated two weeks' course in home management, budgeting, nutrition, food preparation, child care, simple first aid and community resources. Then when that most dreaded catastrophe hits a family—mother gets sick—the homemaker steps in. She either comes every day and stays till Dad gets home, or one of the older children can take over after school, or she lives in. She does the shopping, housework, and looking after the children, and stays till Mother is better or other arrangements are made by the family. She costs, on an average, about $80 a month, and is financed by a community organization if the family cannot pay. This scheme seems to work well within its limits, but its limits are expense and the fact that there are far from enough homemakers to answer all the calls.

How about steady part-time help? Here the solutions go all round the block, picking up frills at every point. One is a promising experiment about to be started by the National Employment Service in Toronto.

The Toronto plan, which may spread to other cities if it succeeds is

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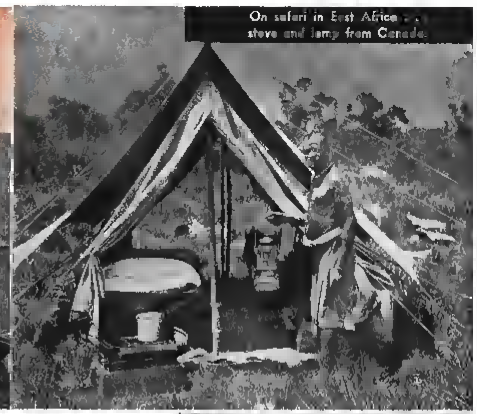


Cartoons By Brunish

Sure we can sell abroad . . Here's the story of a company which has spread the "Made in Canada" stamp around the world



In Venezuela . . . Coleman servicemen travel by motorcycle.



On safari in East Africa . . . Steve and Jerry from Canada.

EXPORT SUCCESS STORY

By HELEN BEATTIE

"WHAT," asked the quizmaster, "is the most common name in the world?"

The contestant hesitated, muttered, and finally blurted out: "Smith, I guess."

"Wrong," said the quizmaster, "the most common name in the world is Wong."

Sitting beside the radio in his Toronto home, W. J. Weldon snapped his fingers. He now had another point for his argument that Canadians do not allow their minds to "go far enough abroad," and it would help him emphasize the size of markets which Canadian manufacturers have neglected.

A past president of the Canadian Exporters' Association, Mr. Weldon believes that development of export trade, not only of raw materials but of manufactured goods, should be the concern not only of Canadian manufacturers but of the Government and of the people as a whole.

Manager of a company which has had singular success in the export business, the Coleman Lamp and Stove Co. Ltd., Mr. Weldon believes that with a proper exporting technique Canada can compete with and overcome any competition that she meets.

"I know Canada can manufacture acceptable goods for foreign markets," he insists. "I am equally convinced that the safety of our national economy lies in the export trade which is within the reach of any Canadian company which will take the trouble to make the goods the foreign market wants and service the articles they sell abroad."

A tall, slender, soft-spoken grey-haired man in his 50's, Mr. Weldon talks about the Far East with the easy familiarity of a man who knows it as well as he does Canada. Although he was not born in Canada, his blue eyes become bright when he envisions the possibilities of this country in the export field.

Fighting government subsidized competition, high protective tariffs, marine insurance, long hauling rates, he has sold Canadian-made lamps, irons and stoves in every country of the world but three—Russia, Germany and Japan. This export is the reason a $150,000 business grew to a $2 500 000 business in less than 10 years. It is the reason why his parent company is now glad that it did not close the doors of its Canadian factory in the discouraging days of 1931, for this plant now has a backlog of nearly $2 million worth of orders and is planning an expansion now that the war is over.

Mr. Weldon admits Canada's export position during the war had been very fine. During 1944 export figures reached $3 500 millions. But 80% of our wartime exports were made up of war supplies and munitions, which were used up, sunk, or shot off.

Already these wartime exports across the Atlantic and Pacific have been cut off. Now what?

Mr. Weldon will go right along with those who say that we shall now experience one of the biggest booms in history. He will agree when they say that never before in our time have Canadians been deprived of so many things they have wanted for so long a time. Industries, factories, farms and mills can go to work on their stack of accumulated orders to satisfy a market starved for six years. Energy will have to be expended, too, to satisfy the actual needs of war-ravaged countries.

But Canada will not be the only country engaged in this production. All the industrial countries will be engaged in it. And when the needs of Europe are met and Canada starts to manufacture for her own market, then what? Mr. Weldon believes full employment in Canada means jobs for 1,500 000 more people than were employed before Germany surrendered.

And here is where he uses the "Wong" example.

He points out that "the world's great depression did not change the living standards of 450 million Chinese, 400 million Indians, 164 million Russians, 45 million Javanese or 500 million people in other parts of the world.

These people are consumers, too, and in a large extent it was on them that the success of the Coleman Company's export trade has been built. They may be the people who will have a telling effect on the whole of the Canadian export market.

Put Canada on World Map

IN ITS successful application of the best principles of building up export trade Coleman Lamp and Stove has made a sick domestic business a healthy one, it has brought money from other countries to Canada and endowed the name, "Made in Canada," with good will in every country in which it has sold its products.

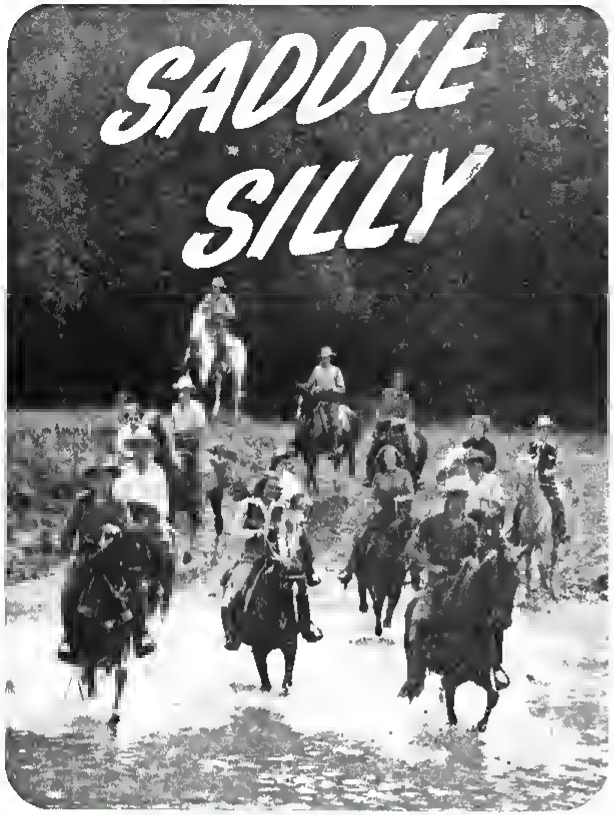
It has been so successful that sometimes the success boomerangs. Shortly before the war, Mr. Weldon in Canterbury, Eng., dropped in to see a dealer, who sullenly refused to talk.

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W. J. Weldon . . . built an export business

SADDLE SILLY



Introducing "The Riders of the Eastern Ranga" who've gone western in wild and woolly Ontario

By LINDA BRUCE

HIS OUTFIT looked perfect — grey sombrero, bright yellow checkered shirt, red silk kerchief knotted at the neck, sturdy blue jeans and high heeled boots. He was tall, tanned and unchalant as he leaned on the corral fence. From where I stood he looked every inch a cowboy, a true rider of the purple sage. But maybe that was it. He looked too much like a cowboy.

"One of your wranglers?" I asked admiringly of Charlie Mavety, easy going ranch owner.

"Wrangler? That fella?" Charlie smiled. "Nope! Never saw the guy before in my life. But even from here I can tell you he's a drugstore cowboy if ever I saw one!"

And Charlie's seen them — by the chuck wagon-load! Dudes are his business. He's the owner of the Circle M Ranch, Ontario's pioneer dude ranch, the only one of its kind east of the traditional cow town of Calgary.

The Circle M is a fertile 330-acre spread near Kleinburg, a farming village 28 miles northwest of Toronto, 90 miles from Buffalo and 240 miles from Detroit—the three principal cities whence pour the dudes who ride the trails, who thrive on the food, who snore in the bunks of the Circle M from May to November.

Big dudes, little dudes, paunchy ones and scrawny ones—they all have the yen to "go Western." Some are conscientious objectors when it comes to that name "dude," and prefer rather to be called "riders of the western range." A dude, you know, is a sye tkeie cowboy, usually a city slicker, who can't even ride a corral fence. Teaching them to ride and giving them a real taste of the old woolly West has proved plenty profitable for Charlie Mavety.

Born on a ranch near Prince Albert, Sask., slow moving, fast talking Charlie practically cut his first tooth on a saddle horn. Since then he's spent most of his life ridin', ropin' and brandin' on ranches from Alberta and Montana south to Texas. So when it comes to dudes and cayuses he knows all the answers.

Running a dude ranch was an idea that hit him about a dozen years ago when, after buying out a traveling rodeo in southern Ontario, he found himself with 50 horses and no place to put them. He went shopping, found a ramshackle farm near Toronto and hurled his mustangs into the pasture. Looking over the rolling, heavily wooded land snuggled in the Humber River Valley, he figured it would make a rip-snortin' holiday spot for tenderfeet hankering to sit a western saddle. And he figured right.

Since the ranch opened about 11 years ago, Circle M has played host to thousands from all parts of Canada and the United States and some even from England. "King of the Cowboys" Roy Rogers and singing Gene Autry tie up at the old ranch hitching post whenever they're in that part of the country.

Charlie has learned that the gold in them thar hills is as nothing to the pay dirt in the pockets of the dudes. This same fortunate discovery is bringing a pokeful of cash to ranchers whether on British Columbia's big drybelt spreads or such Eastern ranges as the Circle M in Ontario. The dudes *Continued on page 28*



Dudes like their saddles fancy.



Trail riders pause for chew.



"Got a lump of sugar, Lady?"



BEST for the BOY

Illustrated by Charles Reynolds

"Andy," June whispered. "Andy . . . baby!"

By DOROTHY BASTIEN

JUNE waited in the shadow of the big brick school building, her hands thrust deep into the pockets of her dark coat. The spring dusk wasn't really cold but she was shivering uncontrollably.

What's teacher standing over there for?" she heard the boys, skimming by on bikes, asking one another. Their voices were shrill unsure, eighth grade voices—like Andy's.

June put up a hand to brush at the light soft hair blowing about her face, and her palm felt damp against her forehead. If it had been any of those boys who were her pupils she could believe the telephone message that had come while she was in teachers' meeting. But his own boy—Andy, being held in the Glendale police station—she couldn't make it seem real.

A car pulled to the curb and she ran toward it swiftly. "Easy there," Ross McLean said. He reached out a hand to help him in. "I made it as fast as I could. What's wrong this time, June?"

It was the second time this month that she'd had to call Ross away from his office because of Andy. Her voice was shaking as she told him. Andy took the car again and there was an accident. They said nobody was hurt but they're holding Andy in that little police station out near home. Oh, Ross, he'll be so—terribly frightened!"

"Now, June, it's probably nothing important." Ross' voice was easy and steadying. "We'll have it fixed up in no time. They do these things just to throw a scare into kids."

"But—Andy," June whispered, "he's so little."

"Oh, come, June!" Ross headed the car out onto the Glendale highway swiftly. "Andy's 13, remember."

It was true. To an outsider like Ross to someone who had known a child for only a short time, 13 probably seemed like quite an age. June herself had thought those two eighth graders who'd caused her trouble in school today very big boys. Odd, she thought now, but that little upset had seemed actually important a couple of hours ago.

She turned toward the window, looking out blindly at the small dim homes bordering the pavement. It had been wrong for her to take the teaching job this year—working with other people's youngsters when her own so needed help. But it had seemed the thing to do last fall. They'd needed teachers so desperately, and she'd needed something to occupy the long days in this strange city. And Andy hadn't been any problem then. That was the bewildering thing. It was just these last months, since he'd turned 13, that there'd been the frightening change in Andy.

"I don't know how he got the car started," June told Ross. "I have the keys with me." She drew them from his pocket, and her throat tightened unbearably. "Oh, Ross, I can't believe they've—arrested Andy!"

"Hold on now. We'll be there in a few minutes." Ross edged in ahead of another car. "I'll take care of it, June. I know the officer in charge out here."

"But, Ross—" It had come to the point where Ross McLean was taking care of every problem that came up. June had known him only since last fall when she'd gone to his office to see about a college insurance policy for Andy. It seemed unbelievable to her now that she could have become dependent on him in that short a time.

She'd managed alone for so many years, all of the 14 years since she'd married Andrew Carlton. Andrew was a chief engineer with the Medford Steamship Line, and he'd never been in port much—even before the war. Yet June had never before turned to an outsider for help when he was away.

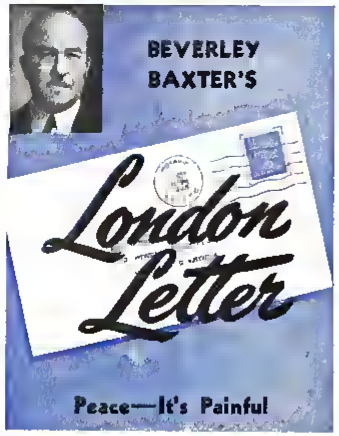
But then she'd never really needed help until now, she reminded herself. Andy had never been an easy child, it was true. She'd worried about him always—how can you help worrying about the person who is the biggest part of your world—but she'd never been afraid until lately.

Dusk made a soft thickness about the little police station as Ross stopped the car near it. A knot of people stood about a small coupé that June recognized as her own, and beyond them the red lights of the emergency car glowed brightly.

"Ross, maybe Andy is hurt!" June caught at the handle of the car door. "Maybe they didn't tell me—"

"They'd tell you," *Continued on page 44*

Andy was a problem child, but he was wiser than his mother, whose problem was solved almost too late



WELL, the nightmare ended in war and the war has ended in what is technically known as peace. At any rate the guns are silent and the tanks are stupid mastodons thing that merely clutter up the countryside. At least the awful mutilation and slaughter of the young has come to an end and in notions we have escaped the slavery of the jack boot. Let us be humbly grateful for that.

Therefore are we downhearted?

The answer is emphatically YES! No wonder the sun cannot reach us. The gloom that emanates from these islands is denser than any fog that ever obliterated London during a Lord Mayor's procession. Not only is John Bull gloomy but he is intensely irritable. As for his wife she is in a mood to smash the crockery, or what is left of it after six years of war.

A Negro philosopher addicted to bronchitis once said that if he managed to live through February he was sure to live through the rest of the year. In Britain, and far more in the countries of Europe, there is a similar feeling about the coming winter. If we get through it we will be all right for the rest of the year.

The British are unlike any other people in the world. They can accept triumph with modesty and face disaster with laughter in their hearts but they cannot endure pinpricks which develop into a deep and often exaggerated sense of grievance. A few weeks ago it was Churchill and the Tories who were hurled into the discard. If an election were held next week it might be the turn of Mr Attlee to be thrown out. The Anglo-Indian and his wife are in a very bad temper, and I have no reason to believe that the Welsh or the Scots are any happier.

The biggest headache is demobilization, and unless all portents lie this will produce the first ministerial casualty of the new Government. Mr George Isaacs was a good newspaper compositor and an excellent trade-union secretary but he has yet to prove he is big enough for the Ministry of Labor. Under his fumblings and delay there is developing a dangerous cleavage between the factory worker and the soldier.

Quite rightly millions of workers were exempted from the call up during the war. No one pretends that there is equal sacrifice. In war and, although each was vital to the accomplishment of victory, the worker was comparatively safe and highly paid while the soldier was in constant danger, away from home and badly paid.

Now, with the end of hostilities, comes the change-over of industry from war production to peace production. In many industries the transformation will not be difficult with the result that labor will be quickly absorbed. But what of the soldier who is grouped according to age and service? There are men in India and Burma who have not been home for three or four years and are not due to be demobilized until next spring. There are soldiers (and by soldiers I mean men of all the services) who are home now on leave after five years abroad and are being sent out again to the armies of occupation.

These servicemen are asking, "Why not call up the factory workers? Why not give them a taste of soldiering now that the war is over, and let us have the pick of the jobs? It would only take three months to train a man for an army of occupation."

Politically, of course, this is sheer dynamite. Unless something drastic and imaginative is done, and done swiftly, there will be an explosion when Parliament meets in October. And the Government will be lucky if the explosion is confined to Parliament.

The Labor Government is as patriotic as any that ever took office but its existence depends upon the support of organized labor. Can it dare to recognize the prior claim of the soldier over the factory worker? For that prior claim exists whether the country be Britain, the U.S.A., Canada or any other that fought Attlee is thoroughly roused to the menace of the situation and will do his best, but no one envies him his task.

Then there is the heartbreak problem of housing. By their thousands and tens of thousands young servicemen married in the war and went abroad, leaving their brides to live with parents, relatives or to be directed to national work where they lived in hostels or shared a room with another girl. Now the home-coming warrior wants a home of his own.

But Hitler destroyed or seriously damaged a million houses, and for six years there was no building because we were at war.

As an M.P. my mailbag consists of endless letters from servicemen. "I was wounded at Dunkirk, fought at El Alamein and then in Italy. I have not seen my wife and child for four years. Can you help me to get some place to live, if only two rooms?" Over and over again, with slight variation, this letter comes. One man in my constituency wrote to say that he had lost both legs in the war, and lived in a room three flights up; could I help him get something where there would not be so many stairs to climb?

By chance I happened to show that letter to Sir Robert Tasker, M.P., in the smoke room at Westminster. "Give it to me," he said. Somehow, by blackmail, bribery or kindness, he found my soldier a little ground floor flat. There is goodness left even in this disordered world.

Nor is the problem confined only to servicemen and their families. Thousands of families were evacuated from London when their houses were destroyed. They want to come back now. But to what? The situation will improve but not in time for this joyful winter that is ahead of us.

Now we must turn to the woman's side of the business. First let us deal with the hardest and most moving aspect. This time it is the servicemen's wife. "We want to start a family before it is too late but we are living with my sister and her husband and there is no room for a baby." So they write to their M.P. about it and he, poor devil, starts out again on his fruitless quest for bricks and mortar that do not exist.

Just to add to the gaiety Sir Stafford Cripps, president of the Board of Trade announces that there will be the usual issue of 24 clothing coupons but that they will have to last eight months instead of six, that is, from Sept. 1 to the end of April. Let us translate this into terms of a woman's wardrobe.

She can purchase a winter coat with 18 coupons. That leaves her six coupons to cover all her other clothing necessities for eight months. If she does not need a coat she can purchase two woollen dresses (12 coupons), which leaves her two coupons for everything else. If she is young, glamorous and has attractive legs, she can purchase a full-fashioned pair of stockings once a month but nothing else.

What about the sex?

Continued on page 58



"Alberta has too much coal" ara

Cross Country

The Dominion

CANADIANS in British Columbia, Manitoba and Nova Scotia march to the polls this month in the first provincial elections since war ended. The results in the first two provinces may indicate the answer to the question—what are the postwar prospects of the CCF?

Political tipsters do not always agree, but in the main they hope the three campaigns this way:

The CCF will make its major bid in B.C., against Premier John Hart's Liberal-Conservative coalition which went coasters vote Oct. 25.

Manitoba's coalition (Lib.-Cons. with a sprinkling of Social Crediters and Independents) will be returned Oct. 15.

The Oct. 23 election in Nova Scotia will return Premier Angus L. Macdonald and his Liberals.

The Maritimes

For more years than Maritime fishermen can remember, they've known him with affectionate contempt as "Johnny Dory." His proper name is the rosefish—he's a small perchlike fellow found in the deepwater trough between shore and the fishing banks, and until very recently he was regarded as marine trash.

Not any more, though. Contempt has been replaced by keen interest. American trawlermen are crashing in on Johnny Dory, and Maritimers are fretting at the lack of equipment and insufficient number of fish meal processing plants that prevent them from doing likewise.

Discovery that one fourth of the rosefish is edible and that the remainder makes marketable meal at low processing cost brought a bonanza to New Englanders, who went after rosefish so vigorously that their 1944 take totalled a quarter of all trawler catches brought ashore in the United States.

Johnny Dory, rosefish, or *Sebastes marinus* however you prefer to call him, can be taken only by trawl, and since the "trawler war" of the thirties few vessels rigged for dragging have operated out of east coast ports. Nova Scotia's Department of Fisheries is cautiously optimistic, however.

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BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

New Commons Promises Surprises

By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

THERE may be big surprises before this Parliament's life is run. After the steam-roller majority and tame docility of the last House, this one has a fluid quality that no one yet has entirely gauged. All sorts of things might happen, and you get the feeling in parliamentary corridors that new moods and new alignments are forming almost imperceptibly.

Some of the hints and straws in the wind appear to strengthen the Government like the declaration of loyalty to the Prime Minister by Rene Arsenault (Independent) who had split from the Quebec Progressive Conservatives. Also, Solon Low, the Social Credit leader, made a great point of polite language in his maiden speech. He attacked the Government for its "centralizing" policies, but Mr King personally he praised with faint strains.

"It was only too obvious," said Mr. Low, "that though the Prime Minister had given much evidence of favoring fundamental reform of the financial system, he was not able to get into office a Minister of Finance to support him in his desires."

Listening to these soft words, reporters remembered how careful Liberal speakers were, in Alberta during the campaign, to say nothing nasty about Social Credit.

* * *

BUT other currents in the new Parliament might well worry not only the Government but all-but-one party leadership generally. From the point of view of the conventional organizers, this House contains altogether too many newcomers with other combat services. CCF has Major Probe, back from France and the Low Countries, Leading Stoker Moore, who was at sea all through the election campaign and others. Liberals have the two lads who moved and seconded the Address in Reply, the Minister of Fisheries Major Bridges, and many more.

Most of them are new to native politics. All seem to have ideas of their own, and little interest in whether or not these ideas happen to correspond with party orthodoxy—some, in the older Parties at least, have views that would raise the hair of their elders. They give the impression of having a loyalty among themselves that is stronger than party, and of having more in common with each other than they have with their own respective hierarchies.

For instance, you find among servicemen in the Opposition a disgust with obstruction, a determination to be helpful—that contrasts pretty sharply with the tactics of certain old-timers in the past. But by the same token, servicemen behind the Treasury benches show an equal disgust with inaction, a resolution to get things done, and a rare disregard for Sacred Cows. Two of the French-Canadian service members, for example, used the debate on the Address to demand (1) uniform factory legislation and (2) peacetime military training for Canadian citizens.

All told, the service group is more numerous than the Government's majority theoretically it could play a balance-of-power role in a tight vote. Actually, no one expects it to do so. These boys aren't likely to line up together to upset the Government, or anything else drastic or sensational. But the presence of such a large group of relatively independent minds on the back benches will make a difference in every Party's handling of strategy and tactics.

* * *

SO FAR as open, recorded votes are concerned the Government seems to be comfortably off so far, with a fair majority in the division on the Address, the first manifestation of the year. Actually, though the margin is slimmer than you might think. The Opposition's warning that it would no longer recognize "pairs," the convention whereby a man abstains from voting if his "pair" on the other side of the House is away, means that Liberal whips must be vigilant to prevent the Government from being defeated on a snap vote.

There was an illustration of this right at the start. On the very first day of the debate on the Address, the Opposition Parties ran out of speakers around 10 p.m. Nobody was ready to go on. If the Government had so chosen it could have put the question there and then, wound up the debate on the Address and got down to business.

There was strong temptation to do so, but nobody could be absolutely sure who would win. The whips had only been appointed that morning, some members still hadn't arrived, others might be home for the week-end. Even those in town hadn't been warned to be on hand.

With a majority on paper of only 20 or so, the Government couldn't afford to take chances. So Paul Martin, Secretary of State, lost the toss and went on with a masterly impromptu performance which spun the debate out to adjournment.

* * *

EVEN more of this dubious fluidity of opinion seems to exist among the voters—a fact which will doubtless protect the Government for a while until the new currents can be charted, but which may lead Opposition Parties to risk an election on some fortuitous issue long before this Parliament has run its course.

Labor is the unpredictable factor. At election time labor was still employed and contented, and Communist leadership as a member of big industrial unions helped to keep the Liberal vote in line. But the Communist Party has changed almost immediately after the election. Earl Browder was fired, collaboration with capitalism was repudiated, and the Party swung back into militant and revolutionary opposition.

That "march on Ottawa" in September was 100% Communist in its leadership if not in its rank and file. About half of its dozen spokesmen had been interned during the first two years of war, and all are now identified with the Labor Progressive Party. Just before the election a similar delegation, led by some of the same men, had met Liberal Ministers in what sounded like a love feast. In September the tone was far different.

In public the marchers attacked the Government. In private, but in very plain terms, the Government attacked the marchers—ticked them off hotly and frankly as a political skirmishing party. Incidentally, it was made clear to these delegates that the Government firmly supported Reconstruction Minister Howe, who had told union members to "get the hell out of here" when they sought him out to golf clubs. Any self-respecting Minister the labor marchers were told, would have done the same.

But however bravely the Government might talk to the marchers it was still true that reconversion was causing plenty of discontent and any decision about reconversion pay was bound to offend somebody. The CCF put itself into the front row with demands for $25 a week reconversion pay, pay and allowances for discharged servicemen until employed, extension of farmers' floor prices, and a law against evictions and foreclosures. Progressive Conservatives, without being specific, belittled the Government because "war plants are being closed and soon are being told there are jobs if they will take them at the rates employers are willing to pay." The Government is in the middle, and likely to remain there for the winter.

It all adds up to the kind of situation that won't be easy to control with a small majority. Unless some realignments take place in Parliament itself, there is good reason to doubt if this Parliament will last its full statutory life.

* * *

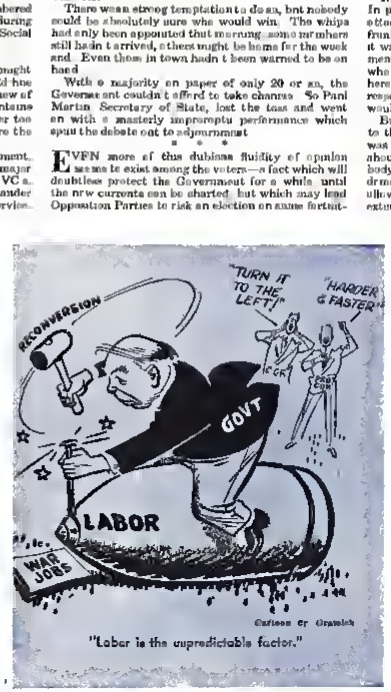
TALK of another election within the next two or three years inside, inevitably, to talk of new leadership for the Liberal Party. Prime Minister King and at Prince Albert he had "no intention" of contesting another general election. If he doesn't, who will?

Nobody, not even Mr King could answer that question with any finality now. It's what President Roosevelt used to call an extremely "iffy" question.

If, for some reason, Mr King were to retire from the prime ministership tomorrow, his successor would almost certainly be the Minister of Finance, Hon. J. L. Ilsley. Senator Percy Connolly (except for Ian Mackenzie) and acting Prime Minister during Mr. King's absences, he is in line as they say, for the job. But more than that, he is the member of the present Cabinet who stands highest, perhaps, in public esteem. Everyone recognizes his courage, his sincerity, his able and devoted handling of one of the war's toughest jobs, and his success thereat.

But as Mr Ilsley

Continued on page 66



Cartoon by Gramlich

"Labor is the unpredictable factor."

Sunday Face

By
EVELYN MURRAY CAMPBELL



"Heaven't yon any sense?" he shouted. "I might have shot you."

Illustrated by Isobel Dayman

JENNY sat on the top step of the side porch, beginning a towel with stitches as small and neat as herself. Jenny was eight years old. She had light-brown bear tied in two braids with a blue ribbon and bits of sheestring to keep the ends in. Her large, bland, blue eyes were a little absent at times. Jenny was a person with two personalities—and often went inside herself to visit with the other one, during which time she was naturally absent. She was not exactly pretty but the was a good and obedient child, or looked like one, which is much the same thing.

It was this look that made people give him pennies and extra cookies. Here was the face that piety wears at least once in week, but it was her perpetual face, the one she was born with and which caused his Grandma to say again and again: "You will never raise that child, Lula. She looks as if she knew her father would be called before she was born." Naturally as the again little, Jenny washed to know who had called her father. She discovered that it was God and that a hay rake had been the method employed, and after that the often went out of hers way to gaze at hay rakes with absorbed interest.

"See? She knows, the little angel," people said.

It was a Saturday and October, and great things were going on in the house behind her. Freshly washed windows were wide open. Pounding and thumping went on, mingled with the smell of soapsuds. Ladies' voices came out to her, sometimes whispering, sometimes loud and teasing. Her mother and Aunt Cora and Mrs. Bracket were all in the spare room with their skirts pinned up to their knees as they sloshed in buckets with mops and cloths. Every bit of furniture had been taken out to sit in skeleton forms upon the porch. The carpet was up and a new one would be laid—the famous Hit or Miss made by Grandma and a prize winner at the Fair only last month. All this was contradictory to tradition and habit, because house cleaning was done in spring, just as Christmas comes in December.

Jenny were two faces. One was too good for this world. Aunt Cora never saw the other, but it saved her romance

But that was not all. Jenny had passed through the kitchen recently and seen Grandma making her special poundcake. Pans were cooling in the pantry, and a whole loin of fresh pork waited to be roasted. You could smell almost anything in the kitchen that day, and Grandma was cross as two sticks muttering about having a man underfoot, though she was the very one who made such fuss over Mr. Whitcomb when he came, and always urged him to pay them another visit as soon as he liked. Then she would say falsely, "It makes a body feel safe in a house when a man's in it." No one had told Jenny anything, but she knew all about it. Tomorrow after service Aunt Cora would marry Mr. Whitcomb. Then he was coming to their house to live.

She did not like Mr. Whitcomb. He was large and soft looking and something lurked away back in his eyes. He always said, "Well, young lady—" and his own voice was like a lady's soft and deceitful. These were the things she did not like but there were others to offset them, especially in Jenny's opinion. She loved drama and daring and Mr. Whitcomb promised both.

For Mr. Whitcomb could walk on thorns. She had heard him say so only last Sunday, when she happened to be under the porch steps when he and Aunt Cora were sitting up above in the rocking chairs. It was a splendid place to hear from—voices were loud and booming. Mr. Whitcomb said, "I would walk a path way of thorns for your sake, Cora," and a little later Aunt Cora had said that she would marry him. "If you really love me so much, William—"

At supper that evening everyone was very gay for Sunday. Even Aunt Cora, though here was just pretending. Jenny knew that by her eyes. The lashes were wet and Aunt Cora kept blinking them while she laughed. The grownups talked about farming, and whether to plant corn or wheat, and how many cows and chickens would make butter and eggs pay enough to put in the bank instead of just pin money. The farm belonged to Grandma and she liked that to be understood. She pinned Mr. Whitcomb with her sharp black eyes.

"This place has gone downhill ever since Pa and Lula's George were called," she said. "But I know how to farm it over if we three poor women haven't got the strength. And I won't have any tomfoolery about fancy heifers and game roosters. I pick my own livestock when I buy it."

Jenny felt sorry for Mr. Whitcomb, who turned red and choked as his apple pie. "Yes, ma'am, of course. Yes, ma'am. You will be consulted about everything."

"Humph. I better be." But Grandma brought out the elderberry wine and though Mr. Whitcomb said he liked only water he drank two glasses as quick as a wink.

It was strange that he should be so afraid of Grandma, an old lady, when he could walk barefooted on thorns.

Jenny sewed an inch of fine stitches and her memory played among trifles that now seemed far away. Like last winter when Aunt Cora went skating with Tom Carberry on the pasture pond. Skating was considered bold and unladylike, and nobody even knew when she made that bright red dress with the gathered skirt, or even how she had got the material in the first place. What a fuss over that and the skating, too! Grandma had said furious things. "Piece of trash, no-account tribe, shiftless, poor father." She had thrown Tom the door. Jenny could not remember half that was said but it was very exciting until Mother caught her listening and sent her in the upstairs bedroom. "The child will be sick," she scolded Grandma. "Poor little saint, she is too good and sweet to hear this quarreling."

But there was no quarrel, because Tom Carberry didn't even answer, and Aunt Cora only cried and said that she couldn't desert her poor mother—who was Grandma, and perfectly able to look out for herself.

Next morning it was like something that had never happened, but Tom never came any more. It rained and the ice melted on the pond and Aunt Cora grew pale and tired looking. She wouldn't let end Grandma made her finish Jenny's bottle of cod liver oil. She seemed to have forgotten about Tom, except when a gunshot sounded from Willoughby's woods, or on summer nights when she sat on the porch and looked at the moon. The gunshot meant that Tom Carberry was after game, but the summer moon meant something that Jenny couldn't understand, except that it made her sorry for Aunt Cora.

But after Mr. Whitcomb began to spend his Sundays at the farm, Aunt Cora was never alone. He followed her around, telling her how pretty she was, and much more that Jenny missed because she couldn't always be under the steps or other places where they were.

WHEN you are eight, you are apt to forget what you wanted to do when you are doing something else. So there grew to be much more of Mr. Whitcomb and none at all of Tom Carberry without Jenny knowing exactly how it came about. It was difficult though, wanting a thing and not wanting it at the same time, the way she felt about Mr. Whitcomb. She would never get a chicken leg again to save her life. He always ate them all, the liver at one bite, and has eyes ate even more than his mouth. She tried putting a few questions to Aunt Cora.

"Will Mr. Whitcomb be at our house every Sunday?"

"He will be here all the time—always." It almost seemed as though Aunt Cora was crying, though her face was perfectly smooth.

"But where will he stay in this house?"

"In the spare room, of course. That is why your mother is getting it ready."

"But you are taking all your things down there—your things."

"Of course." Aunt Cora's voice was very low, practically no voice at all. "I will live in the spare room too."

Jenny felt a tingly shock growing up from her toes, making her dizzy it grew so fast.

"With Mr. Whitcomb?" The shock had got into her voice. She was all tingly shock.

Aunt Cora smoothed Jenny's braids and blue ribbons, very calm, not knowing about the shock because Jenny kept her eyes down.

"I will be Mrs. Whitcomb, Jenny, and I must live where my husband lives. We will be like one person. The minister will say words that will make this right and proper."

But there were no words that could make Jenny see Aunt Cora as a part of Mr. Whitcomb. If she felt that way though, it must be right—but Jenny had to pray very hard before she could lift her eyes. And in the meantime she thought very fast. Perhaps it would turn out to be wonderful. She might even see Mr. Whitcomb walk on thorns, though Grandma said that all exhibitions were shameful. She wouldn't even hear the circus mentioned, and any part of the Fair was forbidden except the cakes and handwork. Jenny resolved to watch Mr. Whitcomb closely when he went into the field where thistles grew in profusion. But he had said "barefooted." Would he go into the field without his shoes? It did not seem possible, and Grandma would be sure to object.

Boom! Boom! It was a shotgun, both barrels, and far away—so far that it was only a toy sound. She got up very quickly and folded her work and hid it under the cushion of the porch rocker. Then she composed her face and walked into the house, and to the door of the spare room.

Mother was there, very red in the face and cross, and Aunt Cora white as paper sewing ruffles on curtains. It was as if they had been having words, but perhaps it was only that they had heard the gunshot and it reminded them of the quail Tom used to bring before Grandma put her foot down.

Mother said in her worried voice, "Don't come tracking in the floor, child. It's sopping wet." She polished the cherry bedstead as if the hated it, but the wood turned a beautiful red rich and glistening. "No, we won't put the carpet down for hours. Those boards have to be absolutely dry."

The prize-winning carpet stood in a corner, rolled on a sapling pole. It was magnificent. No one had dreamed that Grandma would ever allow it to be used. She had saved pieces of all the dresses and pieces for years and there they were, all kinds and colors, but turning most into the solemn grey of calico and gingham that good women preferred. The astonishing and lovely part was the strips of turkey red that appeared at even spaces across the widths, meeting each other where the carpet was sewed together. The red stripe was Aunt Cora's skating dress that she had only worn once. Grandma had cut it up and put it in the weave to remind her of extravagance and foolish ness.

"Run along, child," Mother said more kindly. "You can play until I call you. Be sure to stay in the sun. Your face looks sort of peaked."

"Yes, mother."

So there would be time. She left the yard by way of the barn, careful to keep out of sight of the kitchen window. There were so many tall sunflowers with brown heads that it was simple to hide among them.

But once on the safe side of the big red barn she ceased to be Jenny, and allowed the concealed person within her to come directly into the open. This did not happen often because she liked the silent communication she held with this creature. It gave her a feeling of mastery, something like Grandma's but in secret. Now however a second came and with it words that formed themselves without any thinking from her. Chickens were scratching in the rich earth south of the barn, and she addressed two fat pullets in her path. "Why don't you have four legs instead of two?" and threw a rock at the speckled one. The chickens for Sunday dinner had not been chosen yet. It might be those very two—and she could see the best pieces on Mr. Whitcomb's plate.

The field was overgrown with weeds that rustled dry after the first frost, and tall Scotch thistles grew thick among them, crowned with spiny heads from which the purple down had blown. Those spines were sharp and hard as thorns. She picked a handful with care and put them in her pocket, where the spines instantly came through and bit her leg. How would it feel to walk on them? Grudging admiration for Mr. Whitcomb increased against her will.

As she came to the *Continued on page 22*



There was just time to whisper to Aunt Cora, "Tom is going to be a soldier!"



Sportsman's delight. Ducks winging in to their prairie breeding grounds.



Tom Main, general manager of Ducks Unlimited (Canada), releases a banded quacker.

QUACKER COMEBACK

By S. KIP FARRINGTON, JR.

NORTH AMERICA'S vast wild duck factory, which was teetering on the edge of bankruptcy less than 10 years ago is solvent again. The ducks don't know it, of course but those late-model quackers fighting south these autumn days from the assembly line that runs across three prairie provinces and north toward the Arctic owe their survival to a fantastic organization called Ducks Unlimited.

It's fantastic because its membership includes roving Indians and millionaires—because its tools range from bulldozer tractors to live beaver—and most of all because since 1938 it has boosted this continent's duck population by 500%.

The story of Ducks Unlimited (Canada) and its American partner Ducks Unlimited Inc., is the story of a conservation miracle. But before investigating it, let's consider why the duck population dropped by 93% in 60 years, dwindling from an estimated 400 millions in 1876 to 27 millions in 1935.

The homesteaders who began their invasion of the Canadian prairies in 1872 set out to transform what had been one gigantic Hudson's Bay Company trap line into an empire of wheat. They and those who came after them succeeded perhaps too well.

They drained the marshes and slough-studded grasslands that had cupped rain and snow runoff in reserve for the dry months. They felled woods that had been catchalls for moisture and gave land never meant for cultivation to the plow. They trapped the swarming beaver and broke their dams, such a well-engineered reservoir. They shot ducks, too, slaughtered them wholesale in the days of market hunting and no bag limits, but the guns made scarcely a dint in the number.

It was the shrinking of water supply that did the damage, for without abundant water ducks can't survive. Then along about 1929, nature struck back with the terrible drought that dragged on through the thirties. Waterfowl already depleted were reduced to seven per cent of their onetime number. Some species were nearly wiped out.

The prairie farmer had no time to worry about ducks. He was reaping a whirlwind and the basic problem of survival kept him fully occupied. But since 70% of North American wild ducks chip their way out of the egg on Canadian breeding grounds, this incidental effect of the drought became apparent with dramatic suddenness to sportsmen all over the continent. Hunting, said the Governments, was the only factor immediately controllable by man. So they reduced bag limits and

Continued on page 50

With bulldozer and beaver, Ducks Unlimited has multiplied Canada's duck population fivefold in seven years



The Franklin ground squirrel, seen here plundering a nest, is one of the duck's numerous foes.



A two-day-old pintail looks on the world with trusting eyes.

BRITAIN CAN'T SPARE US MEN

By QUINTIN HOGG, M.P.

THE whole white population of North America and the Dominions owes its existence to individual acts of emigration from Europe, and in great part from the British Islands, in the past. This movement, which began in the 16th and continued up to the 20th century, represents one of the greatest human emigrations in the history of the planet. Has the movement ceased? And if it has not, can the Dominions continue to look for a great part of their immigrants, as heretofore, from the British Islands?

There is no reason to suppose that any of the Dominions or North America has yet reached the limit of the populations which they can support.

Estimates of the maximum and optimum populations of countries are liable to differ. But Mr. Curtin, the late Prime Minister of Australia, recently placed the desirable population of Australia at 25 millions in place of the existing seven. South Africa would certainly accept further European immigrants. There is no reason to suppose that Canada with a population of 12 millions, has reached its maximum or optimum limits and recently the Ontario Government has been issuing literature designed to attract British migrants.

If anything these estimates of potential populations are on the small side. The Englishman who has seen vast industrial populations attracted to the timber valleys of South Wales or the wolds and fells of Northern England is a little sceptical when he hears Canadians express doubts as to the absorptive capacity of their country. Doubtless much of their country is barren and either forest or hard scrub. But figures like the following, though sometimes quoted by Canadians speak too loudly not to make their impression on the rest of the world.

COMPARATIVE DENSITY OF POPULATION

Country	Density per Sq. Mile
England and Wales	703
Germany	363
Eire	112
U. S. A.	41 3
South Africa	29 9
Russia	20 1
New Zealand	13 8
Canada	3 0
Australia	2.2

At first sight therefore, it would not be unnatural if Canada and the other Dominions looked to the British Islands for the main source of their new manpower. To Canadian eyes Great Britain must seem woefully overpopulated. Canada has an area of more than three million square miles. The realm of England is barely 50,000 square miles in extent. Yet the population of England is nearly four times that of Canada. England, apart from Belgium, is perhaps the most densely populated of all European or American countries. Canada is nearly the emptiest.

This hope appears at first sight also to be borne out by the figures for unemployment which existed before the war. With nearly two millions unemployed in Great Britain, the Dominions might well argue that the case for overpopulation was proved.

Britain Not Overpopulated

UNHAPPILY all this is the merest daydreaming. The idea that Great Britain is overpopulated will not bear examination. Unemployment is not necessarily evidence of overpopulation. Nor has emigration ever proved to have been any real cure for unemployment.

"Our people are our best assets and we cannot afford to export them in any numbers," says this British ginger-group Conservative

On political, moral, demographical and economic grounds the British Islands are not likely to offer Canada or the other Dominions any substantial answer to their demand, whatever it be, for increased numbers. Apart from any other consideration we are not sufficiently numerous to provide even the possible totals. If the Australians really want nearly 20 millions, the Canadians might want another 10, the South Africans two and the New Zealanders one and this would collectively require nearly three fifths of the total population of the British Islands. But the argument really goes further than this. The era in which the Mother Country can be regarded as a source of additional manpower must be definitely regarded as at an end. Except in circumstances which we shall do our best to prevent, this country can no longer be considered a source of potential settlers for the great open spaces.

Indeed we have on balance already for some time ceased to provide a surplus of emigrants.

On the contrary, during the eight years prior to 1939 the figures show a substantial balance of immigrants over emigrants.

EXCESS OF IMMIGRANTS INTO UNITED KINGDOM OVER EMIGRANTS

1931	90,703	1935	54,163
1932	76,729	1936	70,003
1933	47,979	1937	50,088
1934	54,509	1938	29,847

These, of course, included a number of refugees from Europe and a slightly increasing number of immigrants from Eire, but even confining attention to purely British migration, only in 1938 of all the above years was there a greater number of emigrants than immigrants.

In the postwar period, unless we succumb to economic or military disaster, conditions are likely to be even less favorable, since the factors which from time immemorial have operated in favor of large-scale emigration have ceased to apply in Great Britain.

There are three proved causes of emigration on a large scale—an expanding birth rate, an economic disaster and political or religious persecution. In the absence of these conditions—indeed often despite their presence—men obstinately cling to their existing homes. This must necessarily seem paradoxical to a transatlantic community which owes its very existence to repeated acts of individual migration, but it is nevertheless true that human beings do not willingly, even under considerable stress, take up their roots from their homeland and migrate separately to distant places.

By far the most scientific experiments in large-scale migration were probably the "colonies" (we should call them now "Dominions") founded by the Greek city states. These were organized migrations of whole self-governing communities to undeveloped territories. Yet even these, when, not the result of political unrest, were regarded as a desperate expedient. "In the last resort," wrote Plato in the "Laws," "if we come to suffer from extreme overpopulation and are quite at our wits' end, we can always come back to the old dodge of sending out a colony."

In our own history

Continued on page 32

Decoration by W. Winter

HOT PIANO

"That Oscar Peterson plays the best ivory box I've ever heard," says Count Basie of Montreal's phenomenal young swingster



Oscar Peterson — Prince of Swing

By Paul H. Zemke

TRAFFIC jammed and crowds gathered quickly in the downtown section of Montreal recently. Cops started clearing the people away; people who stood rapt, their eyes closed, their ears straining to follow the acrobatics of 10 black fingers on a piano keyboard in a music store.

"Swing," said a returned soldier. "Oh, boy—is that swing!"

"That's Oscar Peterson in there," his girl friend said. "I know his touch. I've got his records."

Yes, Oscar Peterson, Montreal's sensational negro swingster, son of a music-mooded sleeping car porter, literally has stopped the traffic in the streets of his home city. He'd step it elsewhere too, for he's the man of whom Count Basie—peer in the aristocracy of U.S. swing loudness—said, "That Oscar plays the best ivory box I've ever heard."

Jimmy Lunceford, another popular music maestro, heard Oscar give out with "Body and Soul."

"I like it," he said promptly. "I like it so well I'd like to take Peterson, Body and Soul, to the States with me."

But Jimmy Lunceford did not take Oscar from Canada for Peterson, along with Johnny Holmes, leader of Canada's No. 2 band and manager of the negro pianist, feels that there is a bright future in Canada for musicians.

"The talent is here now and our stuff is rapidly beginning to rival the best there is in the United States—with something special of our own to offer," says Oscar confidently.

Certainly Oscar Peterson has a style all his own. With his left hand he plays a "walking bass," or "boogie," and with his right a syncopated swing. In Oscar's case the right hand not only knows what the left is doing but approves and co-operates. The result is modern swing that reminds the hearer a little of Art Tatum, and yet is individual. Lester Young-swingster of note, shakes his head and says admiringly: "That man sure works up a storm on the piano."

Oscar is now 20 years old. He's modest, speaks softly. He doesn't drink. He stands two inches over six feet and his 250 pounds is a hunk of smiling, engaging personality.

"I'd like it," he says shyly, "I sure would like it if I could be an example to the other young fellows coming into the music business."

Other musicians smile at this ambition Oscar they say has long ago achieved it—even though he doesn't realize it.

He was tooting a trumpet in United Church concerts given by William Thomas' band in Montreal, when he was five years old. *Continued on page 39*

HIS CAPTIVE BRIDE BECAME A WILDCAT ON HIS HANDS!

Thrill-packed days of adventure . . . intimate nights of romance . . . as this reckless Robin Hood of the Seven Seas meets his match in the loveliest, most dangerous of females!



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RKO RADIO



What have these in common?

They can all produce an allergy!

It's no joke to be allergic—as any hay-fever victim will gladly testify.

But hay fever itself is only one form of allergy—"allergic coryza" is its proper name—and its most potent cause is the ragweed pictured above.

There are many other kinds of allergy. Some people are allergic to certain foods—even one apparently as innocent as milk. Others break out with a skin rash on contact with furs or feathers. A few react violently when given ordinary antitoxin injections.

Medical science has made great progress in relieving not only hay-fever sufferers, but victims of other allergies as well. Today there are ways of identifying the nature of the allergy and, in many cases, of "desensitizing" the victim against the substance which causes it.

The allergic person's blood stream contains a factor which, when in contact with certain foreign substances, makes all the trouble. Sometimes contact with the substance can be reduced or eliminated. It has also been found that gradual doses, or injections, of the essence of the allergy producer bring results which are reported as excellent, or good, in 80% of the cases treated.

By desensitizing the person suffering from an allergy, he is often spared much—if not all—of the misery caused by the substance which may have affected his mucous membranes, his skin, intestinal tract, or lungs.

Hay-fever victims need to start their treatment long in advance of the time they are usually affected. Such treatment, in some cases, may prevent the development of asthma.

If you're bothered by distressing allergic reactions, see your physician about it. He may save you much unpleasantness.

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Sunday Face

Continued from page 17

woods the gun thundered very near, and through the trees and underbrush she saw Tom Carberry coming with his face angry and frowning. "You darned little brat," he shouted. "Haven't you got any sense? I might've shot you." He was all out of breath.

Jenny smiled. She took no offense. She liked this forthright way of talking. "But you didn't," she said.

"It's only bird shot," Tom muttered, wiping his face. "But it would have peppered you good. Now keep behind me after this."

ROVER came galloping up with a bird in his mouth and went back for more. Rover was a wonderful black-and-white dog and he'd often carried notes between Tom and Aunt Cora, before Mr. Whitcomb. The note would be tied around his neck with a string, and the paper hidden in his long fur. This was supposed to be a secret and Jenny forbore to mention that she shared it.

It was pleasant and easy to be with Tom, who called her "brat" instead of "young lady." It went better with the inside person who was now in complete control. Tom was tall and young and his eyes were friendly after he got over his scare. He showed her the quail in his bag.

"I suppose your granny wouldn't like a mess of these for dinner tomorrow?"

"No, she wouldn't. I think Mr. Whitcomb likes chicken better than bobwhite. There's more meat on chicken."

Tom said something under his breath that sounded like a swear word, and Jenny said, "Huh?" but he didn't repeat it. He probably felt as she did when she met the pullets. She explained a little more.

"Mr. Whitcomb is going to live at our house. The preacher is going to marry him and Aunt Cora tomorrow after service. Mother is cleaning the spare room and putting down the new carpet. Aunt Cora has already got most of her clothes in the closet."

Tom sat down suddenly on a log and looked like the gun had kicked him in the stomach. His face was sort of sunken in.

"I knew it," he said presently. "But I didn't know she would do it right away." He gave Jenny a haggard look. "I suppose if I shot myself it wouldn't make any difference."

Jenny sitting beside him, stuck out her legs to see if there were rips in his stockings.

No, indeed," she agreed cheerfully. "Grandma hopes you will. A good riddance she says. You don't do anything but hunt and fish, but Mr. Whitcomb is going to make the farm pay. He's going to buy a lot of cows right away—maybe a bull too. We never have had a bull," she went on wistfully. "They run after red things, don't they?"

"You'd find out," Tom said gloomily. "A bull. Where would he get the money?"

Maybe from the circus," Jenny suggested hopefully. "The circus would pay him money for things he can do."

Tom sort of laughed. "You're a queer one but you hit the nail on the head that time."

During the silence Jenny gingerly touched the ball of thistles in his pocket. She wondered how long it would be until she learned to handle them.

Suddenly Tom was looking her straight in the eyes. She looked back steadily. This was going to be a message. She had to remember every word.

"I'm going to the States," he said. "I'll join the U.S. Cavalry. Next week I'll be gone for good." He didn't say to tell Aunt Cora but that was what he meant.

But you could really get shot then," Jenny said a little sad.

"I could do some shooting myself." He gritted his teeth with a nice sound. She would try it when she was alone.

But she brightened considerably. "Yes, you could. You're the best shooter in these parts." She became enthusiastic. "You could put in some buckshot and let them have both barrels at once!" Then she had a second thought about what Indians do to captives. "They could hurt you pretty bad, though, if they caught you."

"Shucks, nothing can hurt me."

It was not bragging either. She stared fascinated while he reached out and picked a thistle from a clump and crushed it slowly in the palm of his hand.

She said over the hard place in her throat. "Can't you feel it?"

"Sure I can feel it. But two things can't hurt at once. One of them has to be the least."

Rover laid his third quail at his master's feet and, plainly bored, went back on the chance of another. Tom got up and swung the muzzle loader over his shoulder.

"You'd better get on home," he said severely. "And stay out of these woods, hear me? If I'm going away next week I'd better be getting my things together." He whistled for Rover and tramped off.

Jenny had to run most of the way home. The sun was going under a blue haze and the wind blew through the dead weeds and made them sigh and brown leaves from the woods were in the air. The gun was silent and she felt small and lonely while she was running.

She was almost too late too. The carpet was already tacked down along one side of the room and a great pile of yellow straw heaped on the clean floor. Mother had her mouth full of tacks, and was much too busy to question or scold her.

Jenny was almost burning with all the wonder inside her. She wanted to tell Aunt Cora about Tom but there was no chance. Mother would snatch it away at the first word. She had been forbidden to go to the woods and that was all that Mother could or would see.

Aunt Cora looked very tired, but she was still sewing curtains. Her fingers moved slowly and now and then she lost her needle and had to get a new one from her basket. She was listening. Jenny wanted to tell her that the gun wouldn't shoot again.

"You can help spread the straw." Mother said, putting the rest of the tacks in her apron pocket.

SPREADING the straw was a special treat to find in October. The straw was distributed evenly over the floor, the carpet unrolled over it and drawn to the opposite wall where it was tacked down. It made a great billowy balloon until more tacks were put down along each seam and then it became a lot of small cushions. Jenny was allowed to walk back and forth and press them down as well as she could; but for a long time the carpet would be bouncy.

Mother surveyed the room.

"The bureau will be here, and the washstand over there, and the bed in that corner," she said and gave Aunt Cora a look. But Aunt Cora did not lift her eyes. She dropped another

Continued on page 24



Bread *stretches your food dollar*

It costs less to serve good meals with these "MAIN DISH" recipes

DON'T let your food budget corner you. Let *Bread* take a bigger share in your meal planning—and see how "main dish" costs come down.

The extra good dishes you can make with bakers' bread are something to brag about. Bread brings so many surprises to everyday meals—makes *something special* out of left-overs. Use it more often to make expensive foods go farther. Use as slices, toast, cubes or bread crumbs—it combines perfectly with almost every other food.

Meat Vegetable Mould

2 egg yolks, beaten
¾ cup rich milk
2 tbsp. melted butter
1 tsp. salt
1½ cups diced cooked chicken
1½ cups cooked diced celery
1½ cups thin-sliced cooked carrots
¼ cup chopped onion
2 tbsp. chili sauce
2 cups soft breadcrumbs

Add milk to beaten egg yolks; add butter and breadcrumbs. Combine with meat, vegetable and season-ings. Turn into well-greased loaf pan. Cover top with rather coarse crumbs tossed in butter. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, about 1 hour.

Meat or Poultry Scallop

1 cup buttered soft breadcrumbs
1½ to 2 cups diced cooked meat or poultry
½ cup cooked vegetable
Scraped onion (optional)
1 to 2 sliced hard-cooked eggs
2 cups medium-thick white sauce

Line greased baking dish with some buttered bread-crumbs, add a layer of meat or poultry, then one of cooked vegetable. Add a layer of sliced hard-cooked eggs then cover with white sauce. Repeat alternate layers until all are used, have sauce on top. Cover with buttered bread-crumbs. Re-heat and brown in moderately hot oven, 375°. (Suitable vegetables include peas, diced celery, string beans, diced carrots, asparagus, etc.)



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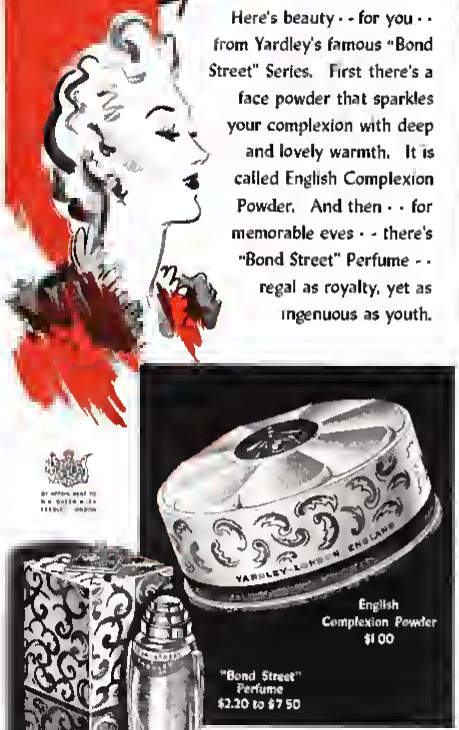
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FROM THE BOND STREET SERIES

BY Yardley OF LONDON

Continued from page 22

needle and without bothering to pick it up, got another. Mother lost patience.

'Good land, aren't you even *interested?*' she said in her sharp voice. Aunt Cora said, 'No, I am not,' and got up and walked out, leaving the curtains in a foamy white pile on top of the straw.

Mother's lips got tight but she picked up the curtains without a word and hung them over a rod in the closet.

There was not a stick of furniture in the room except the little rocker where Aunt Cora had been sitting, but Jenny could see it just as it would be when the carpet was laid. She spread the straw carefully until it was as neat as her own hair, then she helped unroll the carpet. It came within two inches of the wall—that meant that Mother would go down on her knees and pull.

Tack-tack went the hammer, and behind Mother's back, Jenny laid back a wide corner where the bed would stand and put her own hand in her pocket. The thistle burrs were in a tight bunch, but she pried a large one loose. Sure enough, it didn't hurt very much. Tom was right! If one thing hurt enough, another didn't. She put the thistle into the straw and folded the corner back again.

Mother was tacking fast, coming down the second width. Of course if she happened to kneel in a certain place—

'What are you standing there for?' she demanded in a pet. "Good gracious child, there's work to be done and nobody helps me. Go bring in the bed slats, two at a time, and don't stumble." She began to talk to herself. "I won't put so many under the bed. There's no need, and it does wear the carpet."

Jenny made four trips to the porch, but there was no outcry. She stood in a selected place and held the footboard, while Mother joined the bed expertly, and laid on the slats, the springs and mattress, with the strength of three women. She was a lot like Grandma when she set out to do something.

"Silly . . . just foolishness . . . girls get over their notions. Men are all alike . . . six months and you don't know the difference . . ."

The room changed and became beautiful like a familiar face smiling. The carpet was a billowy sea shot across with scarlet ribbons. The cherry bed and bureau glistened as cherries do after a rain. There was a smell of soapsuds, and fresh straw, and October coming in at the windows.

Mother was tired. Her face was pale instead of red. She eased herself to her feet. It was almost suppertime. Almost time for Mr. Whitcomb to come from the market town with the Honeywells who went there every Saturday. He had no horse and buggy of his own, but he intended to get one when he married Aunt Cora.

'There! I'm nearly done,' Mother said. 'Just to make the bed and hang the curtains. Child, I never saw you act so dumb. Why don't you take off your shoes and tread the straw like always? And come away from that bed. You'll leave fingerprints.'

"There won't be time to tread the straw," said Jenny, edging to the door. "I've got to set the table."

But Aunt Cora was doing that. She moved back out from with red spots on her cheeks and she had put a bunch of brown chrysanthemums in the centre of the table on the second-best cloth. The very best was saved for Sunday when the preacher would have dinner with them after marrying Mr. Whitcomb and Aunt Cora. He would get the chicken breasts.

The Honeywells drove into the yard, bringing the bridegroom and the smell of hard cider. They were making jokes between themselves and there was plenty of noise and laughing before they all came into the house. Grandma scandalized absent Jenny out of the kitchen and told her to stop her ears. There was just time to whisper to Aunt Cora, who stood behind the dining room door.

"Tom is going to be a soldier," Jenny said rapidly. "And he can do anything that Mr. Whitcomb can do. Just as good, anyway."

Aunt Cora's face turned a different color and she shook all over.

'What are you talking about? Don't mention his name to me. If—if—he cared he wouldn't let this—this—happen to me.'

People were like that. They blamed someone else for what they did themselves. Jenny couldn't see what Tom had to do with this getting married. But she felt sorry for Aunt Cora. She said coldly, "Tom is going to put buckshot in his gun."

Aunt Cora screamed, but the room was full of people and Mr. Whitcomb was there and dragged Aunt Cora from behind the door and kissed her before everyone, not a nice, polite kiss but a loud, smacking one and she looked like she was going to faint.

IT QUIETED down presently. Then supper was on the table and Mr. Whitcomb ate three helpings of roast pork. He made Aunt Cora sit beside him and tried to hold her hand but his fingers were greasy and she kept her hands in her lap.

"My little bluebird," leered Mr. Whitcomb. "Trying to fly away but the nest is all ready."

"It surely is," Grandma said briskly. "Cora has been in that room all day, sewing her fingers to the bone, making new curtains. They could have waited till spring but in one come spring she may have a different kind of sewing."

It was dull for Jenny. She was not allowed to eat pork and the talking went over her head. She was sent up to bed very early, and Mother and Grandma hung the curtains and made the bed while the others sat in the parlor and pretended not to notice. Now and then Mr. Whitcomb laughed out loud as if he knew a very good joke.

All at once she was lonely again as she had been coming home from the woods. After tonight Aunt Cora would be someone else. She would belong to Mr. Whitcomb. They would all belong to Mr. Whitcomb for that was what she saw lurking back in his eyes. It was a dreary prospect.

She was troubled by another thought. After tonight Aunt Cora, living in the spare room, would undoubtedly have her shoes off at times, and it was a certainty that she had never learned to walk on thorns. She had little pink feet like a kitten's paws, and what was easy for Mr. Whitcomb would not do for her at all. But there was no way to reclaim the thistle burr until the next house cleaning, and there it would remain to tug at conscience all through the long winter. Any moment it might happen.

She slept and woke and Mother and Aunt Cora were whispering in the bed. Mother sighed out loud. She was a terribly weak person in spite of being such a worker. When she was with Grandma she was like Grandma, and when she was with Aunt Cora she was like her. Now she said, forgetting to whisper, 'Perhaps something will happen—'

"Sh——Nothing will. It is too late, I have given my promise."

Jenny woke suddenly and October was looking in the window. There was

Continued on page 27

Man in the re-making



X-ray film has the greatest assignment since its introduction by Kodak in 1914

In its way, this picture represents a sort of miracle—symbolizes the tens of thousands of times in which X-rays have served as "blueprints"... for the *re-making of men.*

Evidence is seen in military hospitals, and in the wounded men returned to daily life. Thousands have already been restored to useful activity—a matchless tribute to this war's doctors and nurses... to the drugs and implements they use.

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GENERAL STEEL WARES LIMITED
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Continued from page 24

an echo as if someone had just spoken 'Something will happen—" but it was only in her head, left over from last night

She dressed herself decorously for church, and church was in her face when she went downstairs. "Look at that child" said Grandma "If she isn't a born saint—I guess she knows what a solemn day this is"

"Yes, ma'am," Jenny said.

The pancakes were mixed in the blue bowl and sausage was frying on the back of the stove. It was breakfast time and more. Jenny stood on one foot and then the other. Her stomach was moving in but she would never have said so.

Mother came in from milking, with two big buckets. Mother did all the hardest work, and it would be nice when Mr. Whitcomb began to do it instead, and Mother could keep her hair neat. She took off her shawl and said very low to Grandma, "Isn't he up yet?"

"Not a sound out of him." Grandma crimmed her mouth. "But he's still coming by. No telling how much cider those rats drank on the way from town. There were two jugs in the wagon."

Mother frowned. She was a strong teetotaller.

"A drinking man. I don't like it," she said.

Grandma began to beat the pancake batter and it popped like eggs breaking. Pop . . . snack . . . !

"It's late in the day for that talk," she snapped. "They're as good as married now. Nobody can put a word in."

Mother said sharply, "Come away from that door, Jenny. What if Mr. Whitcomb was to come out hudden? He'd knock you over!"

"Yes, ma'am."

Jenny moved an inch. She was listening. Faint sounds came from the spare room. The cherry bed squeaked. Mr. Whitcomb was stretching himself. Grandma waved the batter spoon. She had poured the first cakes.

"I never held for laziness," the maid, ominously loud. "Not in anybody."

Aunt Cora came downstairs. She looked lovely even if her face was pure white. She had on some of her new things, but not her wedding dress. This was just an everyday one and she did not look like a real bride but more as if she was coming down with a cold.

"I'm sorry to be late" she said from the stair well. Then her voice began to die away. "I—I—there's something I want to tell you."

"Now don't you begin that," Grandma said, louder than before. "No changing minds in this house. Girls are all alike. I won't have any shilly-shallying, Cora."

"But I have shilly shallied—" Aunt Cora's voice was just about gone. She had never stood up to anyone in her life, and breakfast was no time to do it. "I've been like putty—" she went on.

Jenny was trying to hear this and to keep up with Mr. Whitcomb's movements at the same time. His voice said "He—hum-m-m 'eard he rolled over. Then he sat up. Then his legs came out and his feet touched the floor. Jenny was two people, one where the was and the other in the room with Mr. Whitcomb. She was seeing through the door, plain as window glass. Her inside voice—the one never heard—urged violently, "Now walk—hurry up, walk!"

Aunt Cora's voice gaining sudden strength and shrillness filled the space behind her. "I won't—I won't! I'm 22 years old. You are a tyrant, Mother, like Nero."

SOMETHING was about to happen. Delight ran from Jenny's finger tips to her toes. The inside voice shrieked, "Something will happen—now!" She would have danced if it hadn't been Sunday morning.

Grandma threw her apron over her head and a spoon of batter went on the floor. "That a child of mine—" she wept wanly.

Mother looked horrified. "Shame on you, Cora. Our sainted mother—"

It all came at once. Cora screaming, "I won't!" Grandma sobbing. Mother shaming. But over the din Jenny's ears caught another sound, the sort of howl a lonely dog makes, and then words, terrible, sinful words the like of which she had heard sometimes from wicked hired hands and had harkened with her other secrets.

"Ow—ow—ow—!"

The spare room door flew open and Mr. Whitcomb was precipitated into the kitchen. He hopped on one foot and held the other in his hand. He was in his nightgown and his hair stuck up every which way. Jenny goggled with all her eyes. She had never seen a man in a nightgown and neither had Grandma to judge by her cries.

But all the ladies crowded around asking "What is it—What has happened?" and Jenny retreated into the stair well from where she had a splendid view.

"Did you step on something?" Mother was least excited, thinking of tacks, like other carpet layings.

"Needles—ow—owl" yelped Mr. Whitcomb hopping. "Some fool has dropped needles on the floor. They're in my foot!"

"Why, yes," Mother said. "Cora did drop a lot of needles. She always does when she sews. Let me look."

But Mr. Whitcomb was doing something looking himself—into Aunt Cora's face. His own screwed up into a weasel vicious mask and he hopped up close to her. "That'll teach you," he said, and slapped her hard on each cheek.

Aunt Cora bent both ways like a willow twig. She had been switched and spanked like any little girl, but she had never been slapped.

The sound echoed all over the house, and up the stair well behind Jenny and under her head, where it would remain as long as she slept there.

Mother took the lead for once. It was surprising to see her.

"No no Ma," she said to Grandma. "Mr. Whitcomb, please get your hat and coat and leave the house. The sooner the better. There will be no wedding today."

No church, either, for the first time Jenny could remember. She relaxed blissfully under the porch steps where she kept a store of necessities. This time it was a page torn from her copy book and a stub of red-leaded pencil, prized but seldom used. She tasted it absently while she wondered what if Mr. Whitcomb had taken Mother at her word and left with just his hat and coat. That would have been scandalous on Sunday or any other day, but he was gone now, with his nightshirt tucked into his trousers. She wondered what the Honeywells would have thought if they had seen him the other way—and then she wrote a letter. The red words on white paper with blue lines looked very pretty and made her think of the flag.

The letter said: "Don't join the Army. There will be no wedding today. Mister Whitcomb slapped Aunt Cora in the face. Now he is gone.

Jenny

"P.S. He is a liar, too. His feet are like anybody else's feet."

She folded the stiff paper and made a little hole in the corner for the string Tom Carberry would not be hunting



Kitten Smooth

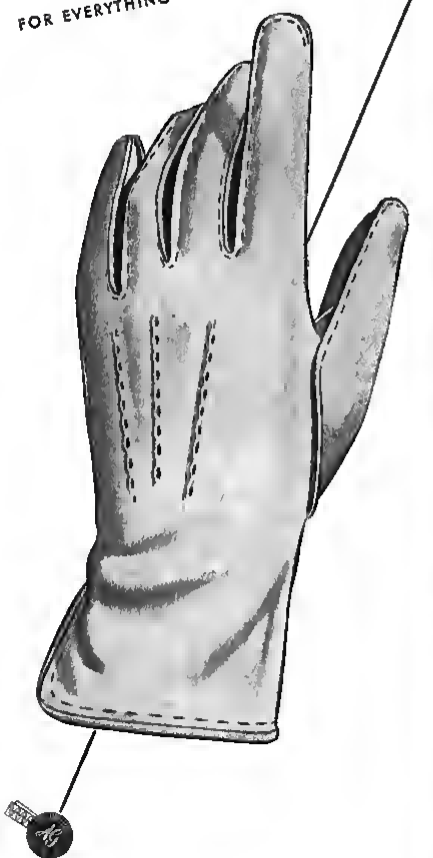
CORTY THE KITTEN SAYS that clamour for the glamour of Corticelli full-fashioned hosiery has been loud and long. But coming is the day when your store will be well supplied with these leg-glamour stockings. Made from improved and entirely new materials, "misty-fine" to durable service weights, and in all sizes to assure snug, wrinkle-proof fit.

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LOOK FOR THE ACME TAB ON EVERY PAIR

quail on Sunday, but there was a good chance that Rover would be somewhere in the woods, and if she called him he would come. The string was very meell. It wouldn't strangle a big healthy, woolly dog before he took the note to Tom.

She dreamed a little, luxuriating in the relief of no preaching, no sedate ride in the buggy between people's knees, when she might be in Willoughby's woods. Tom might even come to dinner if he got the letter in time, and he would see to it that she got a leg of fried chicken and a liver—maybe both.

It was a lovely feeling to know that she had fixed things for everyone.

"Ow—!" She experimented a little. "Ow—ow!"

Saddle Silly

Continued from page 12

keep coming, be they stenos in stockbrokers' manicurists or millionaires. That jingle jangle jingle you hear around the old ranch-house these days isn't the clinking of spurs on the heels of big-city buckaroos. Part of it is the welcome music of manzuma to the till.

During the war gasoline and tire rationing put a crimp in extensive holiday driving and long week end excursions. Accustomed to getting around, scores of Canadians played it smart and simply switched to hay burners for their joy riding. And in a sort of back to Nature movement, young and not so young swung into the saddle, to discover the thrills of yesteryears.

Riding stables across Canada found themselves in the middle of the biggest boom in history. Patronage increased anywhere from 50 to 300%. Existing proprietors couldn't handle the sudden flood of customers, and new liveries mushroomed overnight. One stable has increased the number of its horses from 35 to 50 since the beginning of the war, while another has 70 as compared with 20 before. A third, just outside Toronto, reports that Sunday customers alone average 200.

Who's doing all this riding? Well, just about everybody. A lot of the new riders have been warworkers. Some plant doctors recommend riding as an antidote for nerves frazzled by the pounding clatter of machinery—evidently adhering to the old saw that "the outside of a horse is good for the inside of a man." The *nouveau riche* are another class who've gotten the bug. Many try to ride into society on horseback. Students at many private schools ride once or twice a week as part of their training. Most of the new enthusiasts are from 18 to 25 years of age and women outnumber men two to one.

The riding season opens about April and lasts till November, reaching its peak in late August. Out at the Circle M there's seldom a spare bunk from the time the ranch opens its gates for business, in May, till the river freezes over in late autumn. And every Sunday finds a hundred or more 'casuals' who drive, peddle or hitchhike out from Toronto to ride the trails.

At the Circle M Charlie Mowatt has captured the atmosphere of the West with ranch buildings rambling log bunkhouses, genuine cattle, wranglers and all the trimmings. Miles and miles of trails wind through wooded gulches, over pine ridges and along cool river reeds—all this a scant half hour drive from the second largest city in Canada.

Over 100 sleek, sure-footed saddle horses are at the disposal of the guests. Included in the bunch are two dozen gorgeous Palominos, said to be the largest and most valuable string of the golden beauties in the Dominion. There were seven new spindly legged colts this year, one of which went to Roy Rogers.

Horses require saddles, and Charlie boasts the finest collection of old-time and modern stock saddlery owned in Canada by one man. Most guests ride western style at the ranch, but there are English saddles, Mexican saddles and even an old fashioned sidesaddle for the she-dude game enough to try it.

Speaking of saddles, the flat or English type saddle is the one most commonly used at riding stables in eastern Canada. It weighs less than 20 lb. and is in sharp contrast to the 40-lb. stock saddle used in the West and at the Circle M.

Traditional easy going western hospitality prevails at the ranch. The informality is catching and before you've been there an hour you find yourself calling everybody, from the boss down, by his first name. Guests arriving in conservative city clothes often can't tell a filly from a filibuster. But inside of five minutes, even if you're the mildest Milquetoast, you'll probably amble out of the ranch house sporting the wildest combination of gaudy-colored shirt, slacks and 10-galloner this side of a nightmare. Give you a couple of days and you'll be talking as casually of foals and fetlocks as though you'd been born to the saddle.

This informality extends to the daily program at the ranch. Guests can pitch hay or horseshoes, drink cokes at the bar in the rumpus room of the ranch house, dance to the mekelodian in the chuck wagon café, even milk cows and feed the chickens if they wish. But after the first trail ride you're usually "saddle silly" and spend most of your time on horseback.

One of the ranch's 10 genuine cowboys is always on hand to saddle a pony or give you instruction in the tricky art of riding. Usually each morning one two or a dozen dudes will set off on a trail ride together with a wrangler along to look after the inexperienced riders.

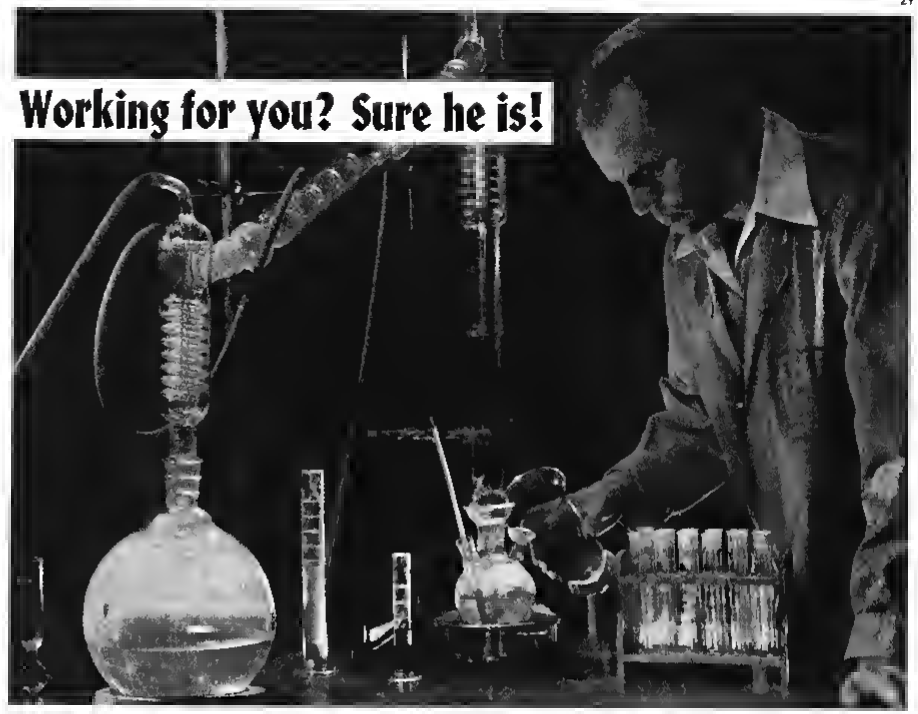
And just staying on the nag isn't riding, not by a long shot! Learning to ride is like learning to dance. You have to put in good solid hours of earnest practice to gain balance and poise.

The trick lies more in making your own body respond to your commands than it does in getting the horse to follow instructions. A cowboy, or any good horseman for that matter, will tell you the first step in learning to ride is to make friends with your horse. Whether it's "Whoa!" or just plain 'Howdy' doesn't much matter, but do say something to him to make your presence known before you walk up and give him a friendly slap after the saddle.

Having as it were, shaken hands before the bout, you're ready to mount. And that takes more practice than you'd think. The left, or "near," side is the right one from which to begin the operation. Reins in left hand, left foot in stirrup, grab the saddle horn and spring up and over. You're allowed a couple of grunts and a wheeze on your first attempt, but after that make it look easy anyway.

So you're sitting in the saddle and all's right with the world. You probably think you look pretty nifty up there in your flashy western duds. Then along comes the cowboy who's teaching you the ropes of this riding business, and drawls: 'Reckon if you'd sit up a mite straighter, put your shoulders

Continued on page 30



This chemist is working in C-I-L's Central Research Laboratory at Beloeil, Quebec—in search of new or improved products for better living. Few people would understand the details of his daily work, but everyone stands to gain by what he does. How? Well, when a new product of chemistry such as "Cellophane", or nylon or plastics comes into being, the life of every man, woman and child is in some way made easier and pleasanter [illegible] and the new product provides more jobs. From the efforts of this and other C-I-L chemists in our plants across Canada may come, any day, a formula that will revolutionize or create an industry! Chemistry never stands still.

THROUGH RESEARCH . . . *Chemistry brings Better Living!*

HARD WOOD FROM SOFT

From abundant and inexpensive ingredients, C-I-L chemists at Beloeil are now working to perfect a process called "Arbonacid" which transforms woodmeals to substances as different from the original as steel is from iron. Poplar, for instance, may be made harder than maple, for use where expensive hard woods previously were the order of the day.



LIGHTWEIGHT CASTS MEND BROKEN LIMBS

Old fashioned plaster casts were too heavy to allow the patient to move about freely. But now, C-I-L research workers have perfected a new, lightweight plastic modification of plaster for casts. The result permits Canadian service casualties to get about more quickly.



THREE TIMES MORE TNT

During the war, C-I-L developed a method of tripling the output of TNT, with only minor increase in capital and a decrease in operating cost. This single development was of the utmost importance, not only in the Canadian explosive program but also in the United States, saving greatly in time, effort and money.



Serving Canada CANADIAN INDUSTRIES C-I-L LIMITED through Chemistry

1-M-J45-B



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back tummy in, and elbows at your sides, you'd look more proper like. Keep them stirrups under the balls of your feet and your heels lower than your toes. Stay just the way you are now and you're okay.

Well you try staying just the way you are but somehow, as soon as the horse starts trotting around the corral, everything goes haywire. You find yourself bouncing like a yo-yo. What's worse, you're always on the 'down' when your mount is on the "up." So you clutch the saddle horn and just hang on. When you've taken all the punishment you can stand you wait for the wrangler, who's riding ahead of you as smoothly as though he were on a bicycle.

"Somethin' wrong, ma'am?" he asks with polite concern, reining his horse in beside you. Well, nothing you say, except that you feel like a handkerchief in a weaving machine. You complain that your horse bounces more than his does, and what have they been feeding it anyway — Mexican jumping beans?

The cowboy smiles at your little joke and proceeds to tell you about "friction." It turns out that "friction" is the way a horseman has of gripping his saymuse with the inner part of his thighs.

Only the thigh grips, the lower part of the leg swings free. Having soaked up this bit of information you have another go at trotting. Holding on hard with your legs, you find that now you and your horse can get together once in a while on the up-and down motion. A few times round the corral and things are working pretty smoothly. You have a tough time remembering to keep your heels down while you're gripping with your thighs, but this comes with practice.

Even if you're smart as two-tongued lightning you can't expect to learn all there is to know about riding in one easy lesson. But beginners are always impatient. There was the woman who hustled up to a riding coach, a veteran of the painstaking British cavalry, and chirped: "This is my daughter Phoebe. All the girls in her club ride, so I want her to learn. Riding and jumping!"

Fine," replied the instructor, glancing at the gangling 13 year-old. "When do you want her to start?"

"Oh, immediately!" gushed the matron. "You see they're having a riding exhibition at the Club in two weeks and I'm going to show those other women that my daughter can win blue ribbons too!"

That dating mother didn't realize there's only one art at which everyone is proficient without practice. That's the art of making mistakes.

Compared with trotting, riding at the gallop and open run is like sitting in a rocking chair. When you can correctly adapt yourself to the various gaits of your horse, you've graduated from being just a "passenger" to the status of "rider." The first thing you'll probably want to do when you've attained this degree of proficiency is to go for an all-day trail ride.

At the Circle M one of these trips is held every week. Charlie Mavety herds 30 or 40 tenderfeet guests together and they strike out from the ranch after breakfast to return late in the evening. Usually the objective is a lake or other beauty spot.

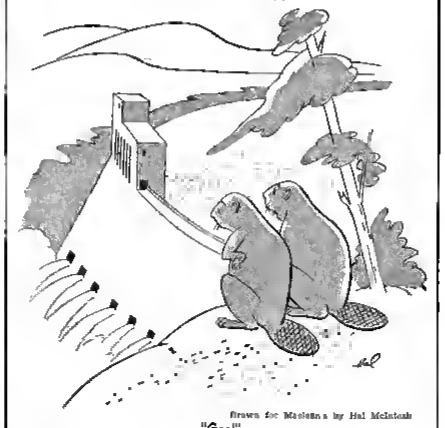
Walking the first mile out and the last mile back is horseman's gospel, so you take it easy at first. You get plenty of galloping en route to keep both you and your mount in kettle.

Besides having fun on a trail ride, you learn a lot about real horsemanship. You find that riding has an etiquette all its own. The lead horse sets the pace matching that of the slowest horse, so that everybody's travelling at an enjoyable gait. You always ask permission to pass a fellow rider, and crossing over in front of him is almost as rude as sticking your elbow in his face at table.

Also you learn to respect your horse and to treat him as a living creature, not a piece of machinery. For the sake of his hoofs you steer clear of hard surfaced roads. Crossing barbed wire is taboo, and when going over rough ground you find that it's a good idea to let your mount pick his own route at his own speed. That way he'll rarely

Continued on page 38

BERTIE THE BEAVER



Drawn for Maclean's by Hal McIntosh

"Cool"



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CALVERT, famous 17th century English statesman and Secretary of State to King James I, founded, well over three centuries ago, pioneer colonies in Newfoundland and in Maryland.

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Do this often, if you are addicted to—

- ☐ Tantrums
- ☐ Sneaking blues
- ☐ Hickey trouble

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To use olives correctly, would you—

- ☐ Start from the outside
- ☐ Start from the inside
- ☐ Catch as catch can

Fumble for the right fork at supper? Not if you follow this simple rule! Start from the outside, work in toward your plate. You're flusher proof when you can skip social errors. And you'll make no mistake on trying days . . . when you choose the pulse-preserving sanitary napkin . . . Kotex. Truth is, Kotex gives you confidence through *comfort*. Because Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing* . . . so different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. There's no roping or wadding up, with Kotex.



If he stood you up last night—

- ☐ Should you blow your top
- ☐ Be a tearful earful
- ☐ Bide your time

Tears or temper won't teach him. Bide your time 'till he rolls again, then give out with the brush-off. Keeping calm wins many a victory . . . ever calendar jitters, too. With Kotex, see how serenely you can sail through difficult days! For you're sure the *flat tapered ends* of Kotex don't show. Unlike thick, blunt napkins these patented flat pressed ends don't cause revealing outlines. So . . . with Kotex, no one will know.



More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together

*T.M. Reg. Can. Pat. Off.

Continued from page 30

stumble. You learn to let your horse face toward whatever's passing so he can see it and won't be frightened, and that you're not being an old meanie if you refuse to let him nibble at roadside herbal delicacies. Grass along the trail is often full of poisonous weeds.

After a day in the saddle on one of those Circle M trail rides you may fancy yourself a veteran of the range, and a likely candidate for one of Canada's several trail riding associations. They'll welcome you—although you're anything but a veteran yet.

The most famous one, and one that's gained international renown, is the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies. Begun in 1924, it now has more than 1,000 members from all over the world. Every year Trail Riders gather at Banff, Alta., for a ride through the most picturesque and scenic eyeful in North America, the Canadian Rockies.

In Quebec a similar association, fast growing in popularity, is the Laurentian Trail Riders. Formed in 1942, this group holds its rides from points deep in the foothills, such as Shawbridge or St. Jerome.

Maybe you'll never be a Mountie or take part in one of the famed RCMP "musical rides," but the chances are that there's a saddle pony or even a riding stable close to where you live. You can rent a horse at most stables for 75c. or a dollar an hour. But don't be surprised if you're given the third degree when you go to rent one for the first time. Livery owners like to have some assurance they'll get their horseflesh back in one piece. Help is scarce just now, and they haven't enough riders to go along on every outing. So they have to take a chance on the patrons having their own horse sense.

But with all its difficulties, they admit that today a riding stable is a good solid investment. Thousands of car-riding speed-loving Canadians now have the tang of saddle soap in their nostrils, and the squeak of leathers will probably continue to beckon no matter how streamlined and high-powered postwar automobiles may be.

As one weather-browned ranch guest said: "I came here hoping to meet something like Roy Rogers. I didn't fall in love with a man, but found my secret passion is horses!"

Britain Can't Spare Us Men

Continued from page 19

there have been only two periods when settlement was either encouraged or widespread. The first was from a late period in the reign of Elizabeth until about 1648. The second was in the last three quarters of the 18th century. The first was a period of acute economic distress owing to the loss of our woollen trade as the result of the Thirty Years War and a period of bitter political and religious unrest. The second was a period of very rapidly expanding population (we doubled our numbers between 1815 and 1872), and included the terrible years following the Irish Famine. In 1846-7, when not less than 2,000,000 people sought refuge overseas from sheer starvation. During the whole century 1812-1914, 20,000,000 emigrated from the British Isles, an average of one million every five years.

At all other times the attitude of the British toward large-scale emigration is summed up in the words of Sir Josiah Childs in 1693: "Whatever tends to the depopulation of a kingdom tends to the impoverishment of it."

During the years of distress immediately before this war we had the greatest difficulty in persuading Welshmen to migrate to Oxford or Slough, over a distance of little more than 200 miles and such experiments are now officially discouraged. It is therefore, not surprising that even with the large scale unemployment which existed before the war the figures show a large balance of immigrants over emigrants.

Britons Declining

Far from expanding Britain is faced today with a prospective decline in birth rate. In a few years our numbers will be stationary. Thereafter they will tend to decline. Crude birth rate figures are not absolutely conclusive on this point, but they afford a sufficiently accurate test for the purpose. They show a steady and progressive decline over the last 50 years.

The crude birth rate has fallen from somewhere about 35 per 1,000 population in 1872 to a little more than 14 just before the war, and the net reproduction rate has fallen to 75, which means that the population will fall by a quarter every 30 years. During the war, as always, there has been a sharp rise both of legitimate and illegitimate births. This may have been due to the fact that childbirth is the only certain way for a woman to avoid the call up; but there is as yet no evidence that the long-term trend is going to alter, although we shall do our best to alter it. The actual figures are:

BIRTH RATE IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND PER 1,000 POPULATION

Year	England	Scotland
1871-1880	35 4	34 9
1901-1910	27.2	28 4
1821-1830	18.3	21.5
1931-1940	14 9	17 9
1942	18.8	16.1

The above argument is much stronger than the mere figures show. A declining population is not merely a population which is growing progressively smaller. It is a population which is growing progressively older and therefore less likely to emigrate. It is also a fact that whatever steps we take now in our own interest to reverse the trend for some time to come the damage has already been done. It is too late now to procreate children who will come of age in 1955 or 1965, or who can be expected to become parents and raise families before the latter of those dates.

It is therefore unwise to dissent from the calculation offered by the Registrar General to Sir William Beveridge for the purpose of his report, according to which there will be as many old age pensioners as children by 1961 and fewer children than old-age pensioners by 1971. The actual estimates of the Registrar-General are shown below:

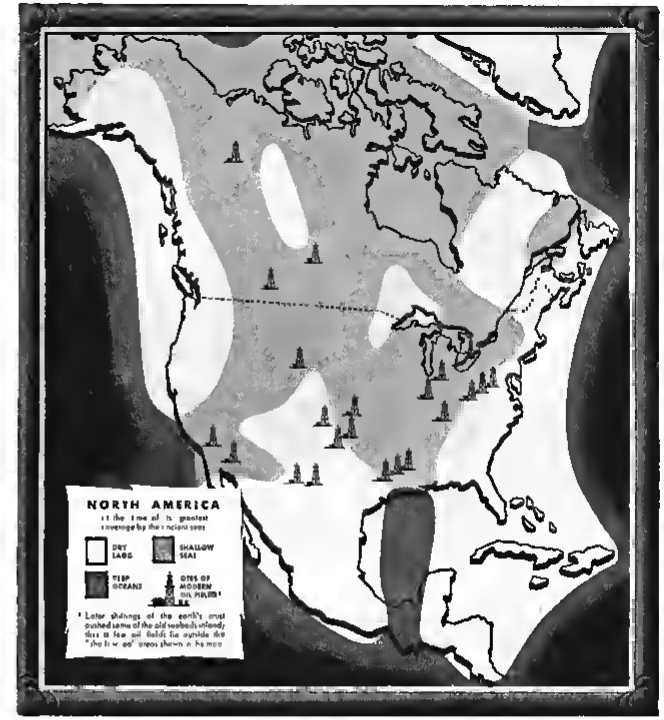
ESTIMATED POPULATION OF GREAT BRITAIN BY AGE GROUPS

1901 to 1971

Year	Total Population	Under 15	Per cent of Total
1901	36 999 946	12 040 841	32.5
1911	40 831 386	12 267 504	30.8
1921	42 769 136	11 940 187	27.9
1931	44 795 357	10 825 072	24 2
1941	46 565 000	9 573 000	20.6
1951	47 501 000	8,084 000	13 1
1961	47 192 000	8 433 000	17.9
1971	45,580 000	7,600 000	16.5

Continued on page 34

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT OIL



How the Ancient Seas BROUGHT OIL TO CANADA

IMAGINE the province of Alberta—and large areas of Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec and the Maritimes—covered by great shallow seas! That is just what happened 300,000,000 years ago, when over half of Canada's land area was submerged beneath ancient "epi-continental" seas. The geologist's map above shows you how our continent looked at that pre-historic time.

Through long ages, vast quantities of silt and the remains of marine plant and animal life settled on the old sea floors. As time rolled on and on, a miracle happened. The silt turned to rocky layers of shale, limestone and sandstone . . . the fatty parts of the dead sea plants and animals turned into the substance we now call crude oil! Then still another miracle took place. The earth beneath the seas began to heave and rise. Pushing back the waters, it threw up the old seabeds, with their layers of rock and oil, to form hills and plains and mountains—and mould our continent to the shape it has today.

If you look again at the map, you will see how this ancient invasion of the seas left us underground stores of oil. The famous Turner Valley, the Mackenzie River basin, the oil sands of Alberta—all once formed the beds of ancient seas. So, too, did the still producing oil lands around Petrolia in Ontario. Today, wherever oil is found in Canada, Imperial Oil drillers lead the way in bringing it above ground where it can serve the nation's needs. And year after year, Imperial Oil scientists devote their full-time efforts to exploring the sites of the ancient seas for new oil to meet new needs—and add new treasure to Canada's national wealth.

★ ★ ★
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IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED

This message is the second of a series; the next advertisement will tell how geologists search ancient seabeds for the oil we use today.



Incredible pick me up for a fatigued face—so efficient, so quick, that you may come home from an exhausting day looking a total wreck—and in twenty minutes be transformed, ready for a gay evening . . . in spite of yourself you're relaxed when you use this treatment—thus:

FIRST—cleanse your face with Cleansing Cream, pat with Skin Lotion. ARDENA CLEANSING CREAM, 1.25 and 3.50. ARDENA SKIN LOTION, 1.25 and 2.45

SECOND—apply a thin film of Velva Cream Mask. Relax for fifteen minutes. Don't talk, don't even smile. ARDENA VELVA CREAM MASK. Large jar, 3.75. Smaller jar, 2.50

THIRD—remove dried mask with wet cotton pads. Smooth on Orange Skin Cream remove and pat with Skin Lotion, apply make-up. ARDENA ORANGE SKIN CREAM, 1.25 and 3.75

You're transformed — you're lovely!

Elizabeth Arden

AT SMARTEST SHOPS IN EVERY TOWN

Continued from page 32

You cannot expect emigrants from a population 20% of whom are over 50/60 unless the burden of supporting the old falls so heavily on the shoulders of the young that they cease to co-operate and themselves leave the country.

Apart from an expanding population, by far the commonest causes of emigration have been economic distress and political and religious persecution. As to these it is, of course, impossible to speak with certainty of the future in a world in which civilization came so close to falling and moral values almost ceased to appeal. Economic disaster may overtake us, and in that case large-scale emigration will take place as in the 40's of the last century. There are also those who wish to persecute whole classes, and in certain circumstances we can imagine their succeeding. But present indications are against it and the least we can say about these possible causes of emigration is that the great majority of our people will do their best to prevent them arising.

We shall have moreover, undertaken an economic policy which will operate to discourage migration. Poverty has been a great cause of emigration in the past. But poverty has been rapidly disappearing in Great Britain and thus, far more than political persecution elsewhere, is the great cause of immigration into Britain over the last eight years.

In his Social Survey for the City of York, "Poverty and Progress," Seebohm Rowntree estimates that between 1898 and 1936 the proportion of the population living in abject poverty had been reduced by more than one half. Moreover, real wages had increased in the same period by 32% in the case of adult men, 40% in the case of juveniles and no less than 55.9% in the case of adult women. The real income from all sources per capita of the population had increased 38.8% from 1899 to 1936.

A Better Land

After the war the Government is committed to two economic policies which cannot but accentuate these tendencies. The main rise in the standard of life between 1899 and 1936 was due to two causes—higher wages and social insurance payments. There is now no doubt that in this postwar period social insurance benefits will be largely increased and will afford a real measure of economic security, and if the full employment policy to which all parties are now committed proves practical, real wages are likely to enjoy the most substantial rise they have ever recorded.

Other factors connected with insurance benefits of all kinds and with the distribution of wealth will operate in the same way. A contributor entitled to full benefit under the social insurance scheme will be reluctant to emigrate unless the Dominion receiving him will admit him at once to full benefit under a scheme not less favorable than that which he has left. Even this will not induce him to leave behind the gradually increasing private property which the masses are accumulating in this country.

This is illustrated by the following figures and facts. Out of a population of about 47,000,000 in the United Kingdom no less than 20,000,000, or nearly half, had small savings accounts in the Post Office Savings Bank or Trustee Savings Banks. About a third of the dwelling houses in the country are privately owned or under purchase by their occupiers. There are in existence the staggering number of 111,000,000 industrial life insurance policies with an additional 7,000,000 ordinary life insurance policies with registered friendly societies.

The funds of the Co-operative Insurance Society (presumably all held for the policyholders) amounted to over £22,000,000 in 1943. The funds of the building societies (largely representing the value of working class houses in course of purchase) amounted to more than £600,000,000, and those of the friendly societies came to about £100,000,000.

No Nation of Migrants

A people increasingly becoming a nation of property owners is not likely to become a nation of emigrants.

To this general argument two qualifications must be admitted. Although on the balance substantial emigration from the United Kingdom is not to be looked for particular classes of skilled workers and more particular individuals may be expected to use air travel and the rights of British citizenship to take up their jobs in other Dominions than that in which their homes are situated.

London is now closer to Toronto than was Manchester before the opening of the railway. As industry develops here and in Canada there will be a great scope for technicians in both countries to try their luck elsewhere, and even whole industries and trades may tend to emigrate.

Already there are indications that this is happening. London contains an increasing number of Canadians and Australians in lucrative posts. No doubt Canada, South Africa and Australia offer equally good positions to suitable Englishmen. But it is unlikely, and in any event undesirable, that this interchange of technical skill will be one-way traffic or affect the general population trend.

To sum up the argument, therefore, The Dominions still require to expand, but they can look for no substantial increase in population from this Island. There is no real alternative in the long run to an increased fertility rate. This is the only natural and in the end the only humane policy. If for one year to come immigration is resorted to, either suitable races must be found to provide the bulk of the intake. That this will give rise to problems of assimilation is inevitable, but the experience of the United States does not lead us to think such problems are insuperable.

In the meantime Britain is faced with a population problem of her own. Her young and energetic citizens are wanted here and wanted urgently, to be the parents of a new and more prolific generation, to carry the burden of an ageing population and to defend the country in times of national emergency. Our people are our best assets and we cannot afford to export them in any numbers.

Get ready to share in the

9th VICTORY LOAN





Busy-day Meal
...brimful of nourishment



Stokely's Finest Honey Pod Peas are tender... sweet... dewy fresh

No words can describe the honey-sweetness, the mouth watering goodness of Stokely's Honey Pod Peas. But this true-to-life photograph tells the story.

It's a story of a special strain of peas—packed dewy fresh—popped out of their crisp green pods—then quick packed the home style Stokely way. Peas with the garden fresh flavor appetites hanker for. Mixed sizes—just as they come from the pod.

NEW EASY RECIPE FOR BUSY-DAY MEALS

Heat 20-oz. can Stokely's Honey Pod Peas. Broil 1-lb. slice smoked ham. Cut ham strips. Arrange in 4 heaps on serving dish with peas. Serve with cheese sauce made by melting 4 to 6 ounces soft yellow cheese in ¼ cup seasoned medium-thick cream sauce—with a little scraped onion, if desired. Serves 4 people generously.

This is "keep fit" food

These peas are rich in Calcium, phosphorus, iron. Supply protein, too. A wholesome treat ready in the twist of a can opener. Serve Stokely's Honey Pod Peas often! Stokely Van Camp of Canada Ltd., Essex, Ont.

Have you tried ...



STOKELY'S CORN? A cream-style corn with an "extra something"—because Stokely is mighty particular to get the *best* selected corn ... and take it at the peak of its perfection. Canned with all the famous Stokely home style care.

and have you tried



STOKELY'S TOMATO JUICE? Rich and tangy in its goodness—for, like all the other Stokely foods, it is made from only the finest ripe vine tomatoes. Pressed in our own way to give you a full bodied flavorful tomato juice you'll really enjoy!



For Better Elections

I am sure many thousands of your readers share with you the disgust expressed in your editorial (July 1 issue) regarding the low grade quality of the electioneering manifested in our recent elections. Also in the need for better registration of voters.

For the cure of the first ill there is great need of a heart-searching evaluation of the average Canadian's sense of citizenship and for something to be done by the schools and other agencies to make the act of voting an honest and independent expression of good citizenship.

For reform of our methods of registering voters and preparing lists of their names for use in polling booths, permit me to make a practical suggestion. The proposal is to take the job out of the hands of politicians and their outstretched staffs and hand it over to experts whose year-round business it is to prepare up-to-date lists of citizens, street by street and house by house.

There is not the slightest doubt that a competent city directory company could be trusted to place into the hands of returning officers on election day lists of voters 100% correct, or very nearly so. There would be need, of course, for legislative authority to arrange for the employment of such a company under some sort of partnership with a supervising electoral commission. If we can manage our hydro, our transportation and other public services most satisfactorily with small commissions, surely the correct listing of voters might also be entrusted to a similar authority. With a permanent and trained staff constantly on the job, authentic voters' lists could be furnished any time in a few days' notice.

As long as we depend on voters' lists for election purposes, there will always be dissatisfaction with partisan enumerating. Reform lies in a change to a businesslike, nonpartisan system.—S. B. McCready, Toronto.

For Coat of Arms

Allow me to congratulate you on the spirited and colorful cover to your July 1 number.

From the heraldic point of view it is, I believe, quite correct: the supporters and crest are likewise and dignified so far as such creatures can be; not cramped as so many attempts at heraldry on this side are. The construction, a kind of detached relief is clever, and the background of the Aurora Borealis and mountains leaves no doubt as to what country is meant.

Pray accept the pleased thanks of one who has had a lifelong interest in heraldry.—Coat of Arms, Edmonton, Alta.

Against Coat of Arms

The July 1 number bears on the front page the Canadian "coat of arms." But what is Canadian about it?

I notice the British crown, a small crowned lion, the lion and the unicorn, the arms of England, Scotland, Ireland, Old France, the Union Jack, the fleur-de-lis flag of old France; something which appears to be the headpiece of an ancient knight's armor. The only thing Canadian is a small group of three maple leaves on a white background.

In other words, the one thing that is Canadian is given an unimportant position and the Canadian beaver is omitted. Whoever designed the arms, and the authorities who accepted the design, seem to have ignored Canada entirely and been pro anything but Canada. Of all the national arms of the many countries of the world the present "Canadian" arms are the least typical of its country.—A. S. MacCormick, M.D., Akron, O.

"Veleron" Cover

I want to thank the artist for the cover of the veteran of this war returning home. I think the expression both facial and in the eyes, is wonderful. Also, I believe your magazine granted the one of the veteran being greeted by wife and daughter I thought they were both grand. Thanks.—Florence Short, Montreal, Que.

National Flag

Ere long your columns will be going through their periodical throes of the pros and cons of "a Canadian flag." Some 15 or 20 years ago on one such occasion I suggested that the Flag might well be a good-sized auburn-colored Maple Leaf in the centre of the Union Jack, the Maple Leaf being the well-recognized emblem of Canada as worn by all our troops of World War I.

It was met by the letters of many who claimed that it was against all laws, usages respect, etc., etc., to put anything on the Union Jack. Not caring to argue with them, I made no reply.

So that your columns shall not again be assailed by such nonsense, I quote below two paragraphs of "The King's Regulations and Orders" (Canada, M.C.):

Para. 1414. Page 245. (a) "The Union Jack, being the distinguishing flag of an admiral of the fleet, will not be flown on military boats and vessels."

(b) "A special Union Jack, bearing in its centre—as a distinguishing mark, the Royal cypher surrounded by a garland on a blue shield and surmounted by a crown—is authorized to be flown by generals commanding stations when embarked in boats or vessels."

Para. 1416 states: ..... "The Union Jack with the approved arms or badge of Canada emblazoned in the centre thereof surrounded by a green garland shall be used by Lieut.-Governors (etc., etc.) when embarked in Dept. of National Defense boats or vessels."

Thus ends, before it again starts, the controversy as to whether it is proper to put anything on the Union Jack.

A good sized unlawful Maple Leaf in the centre of the Union Jack still looks to me like a good national flag for Canada.—Frank C. Highfield, Grand View, Man.

ENERGY-BUILDING



People who DO things need breakfasts that DO things for them—and that's where energy building NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT tops the meal! Family favourite for many years, this 100% Canadian whole wheat cereal contains all the bran and wheat germ. It helps provide much-needed protein and carbohydrates, as well as useful amounts of iron and phosphorus.



APPETIZING



School days and work days get off to an appetizing start with breakfasts planned around NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT! All the family will enjoy its flavour-packed goodness. NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT is tasty, ready to eat, yet so nourishing as a hot cereal. For an extra treat—serve with fresh or preserved fruit. Always look for the package with the picture of Niagara Falls.

THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, LTD., NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA 545C



"After all, a car is so much a part of home"

"I keep wondering," writes a young sailor from the Pacific, "how my old bus is doing. After all, a car is so much a part of home."

Yes, to all of us, the family motor car is part of our lives. Studebaker cars, especially, have the very feel of home in them — built, as they've been for generations, by home-loving, home-owning craftsmen.

Before Pearl Harbor, and throughout the war, Studebaker engineering genius, sound workmanship and production skill were concentrated on war equipment. But now, fine motor cars are again being built by Studebaker.

Many have had the good fortune to own Studebakers through the war years. Now, at last, the time is beginning when the smart styling, the brilliant performance, the dependable long life and solid value of a new Studebaker can be "part of home" to more and more of Canada's forward-looking families.

Studebaker THE CAR WORTHY OF YOUR HOME

Studebaker • Windsor Ontario

Hot Piano

Continued from page 20

His two brothers, Fred and Chuck and his sister Daisy, aged 14 9 and 11 years respectively, also played with the band. All the other musicians were professionals and considerably older . . . That was 15 years ago.

But two years later tuberculosis cut Oscar's trumpeting career short. For 18 months he was a very sick small boy in the Children's Memorial Hospital on the slopes of Mount Royal. Fred, his elder brother, died of the disease, and his sister Daisy also had a severe siege of it.

Later, when Oscar tried to join the RCAF, this history of tuberculosis caused him to be turned down. The Army also would have none of him.

When he was released from hospital it was with orders not to play the trumpet again.

Good-by, Trumpet

For an eight-year-old colored boy to forget his trumpet was a sacrifice. But it was not too great for Oscar Peterson, because he had already been taught to play the piano by his parents, and this meant just a switching of his talents.

Oscar's parents both are musically minded. Daniel Peterson, his father, was born in the Virgin Islands and as a young man got hold of a book on the theory of music which fascinated him. He had no chance to play any instrument, however, until he signed on the crew of a merchant ship. On his first ship he found an organ — and the chance to use it.

From that time on Daniel Peterson kept on playing the organ and reading books on music. He was 28 years old when he came to Canada and here met the girl who became his wife. She too had been born in the Virgin Islands. She, too, was interested in music, though she had little formal knowledge of the subject.

Daniel Peterson taught her. Together they studied and played. As children came they were added to the family music classes. Daisy, the only girl child, turned out to be so good a teacher that she continued to give instruction to the younger children when Daniel Peterson had to leave town on his trips as a train porter for the CPR. He has, by the way, been employed by the railway for 28 consecutive years now and still makes trips with the sleeping cars.

Shortly after switching to the piano Oscar Peterson discovered "jazz." His father did not approve. But he gave in after a family conference in which Oscar's mother sided with her son by saying that "there might be a field for it."

So Oscar's right hand and his left started their many miles of travel on the piano keys; travel which has brought Oscar a long way on the road to success.

When the boy was 15 years old Ken Soble conducted an amateur contest in Montreal and Toronto Theatres with a radio hook-up. In 1941 he wound up as Montreal semi-finalist after appearing in competition with other amateur musicians in Montreal's Imperial Theatre, the contest being broadcast over CFCF. He won the finals in a last contest conducted in Toronto, with a $250 prize.

What one more this victory landed him a quarter hour radio show of his own, called "Fifteen Minutes of Piano Rambling," on Montreal station CKAC. In his spare time he sold subscriptions to Maclean's Magazine.

At this time Oscar was fortunate enough to attract the interest of Yvaul de Markey, the celebrated Canadian concert pianist. De Markey helped Peterson to perfect his technique to the point where he could say "Excellent! I really enjoy listening to his music."

At the Montreal High School the future "Prince of Swing" played with the school band and also professionally with a band known as "The Jump Crew" which was led by his brother Chuck. The latter is now playing the sousaphone with the M.D. 4 Military Band.

More experience followed, for Oscar Peterson played military camps with troop shows sent out by radio stations CKAC and CBM, and became a guest artist for the "Merchant Navy Show" which was broadcast on the Trans-Canada Network.

Then Art Morrow, now overseas with the Canadian Navy, but at that time an arranger for Johnny Holmes' band, persuaded Oscar to join the aggregation as feature soloist on "Recipe Tunes" broadcast from CBM.

This started the close association of Johnny and Oscar which continues and has helped to make Holmes' band a standout in Montreal.

Oscar continues to have his own radio show as well — "Rhythm Time," broadcast from CBM at 9.15 each Friday evening.

Sometime ago Oscar Peterson discovered RCA Victor. He was sitting at home one evening, thoughtful.

"What's up?" asked his mother.

"I'd like to make a record," Oscar said.

His mother is nothing if not a woman of action. "The way to do that," she said, "is to call up the man who makes them and tell him what it."

Oscar picked up the phone and called A. H. Joseph of Victor. Mr. Joseph invited him to come to the studio for an audition. He listened carefully — and in practically no time Oscar had cut his first two sides.

They were "The Sheik of Araby" and "I Got Rhythm," and that record promptly became a best seller throughout Canada. His latest, "Lonise" and "My Blue Heaven," is also well on the way to becoming a smash hit.

There is a slight difference of opinion between Oscar Peterson and the phonograph record makers. They say he plays hot jazz.

Oscar insists vehemently that his music is swing.

"Swing is sophisticated grown-up jazz," he says. "I play swing." Most musicians back his contention.

One of those whose opinion he values most, incidentally, is his father Daniel Peterson. And he, a recent convert to swing like most converts, is an enthusiast.

"I love swing," he says in a deep, resonant voice. "Fellows like Oscar and Duke Ellington play wonderful music."

Oscar's favorite band — apart from Johnny Holmes' — is that of Les Brown in the States. Second choice is that batoned by Bert Niosi in Toronto.

"Niosi," he says, "has a terrific tenor man along with a nice piano player, while Bert himself is, in my opinion, the best clarinetist around — and that includes Benny Goodman and Artie Shaw."

IS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION OUT?

Subscribers receiving notice of the approaching expiration of their subscription are reminded of the necessity of sending in their renewal orders promptly.

The demand for copies is still now orders is so great that we cannot guarantee the mailing of even a single issue beyond the period covered by your subscription. To avoid disappointment, your renewal order should be mailed to us promptly when you receive the "expiration" notice.

Fibber McGee and Molly give you a

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Tune in Fibber McGee and Molly, every Tuesday night over CBC.



So simple! Just pour Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat on your clean floor . . . spread it around . . . and your work is done! It dries to a gleaming brightness in just twenty minutes. No rubbing . . . no buffing . . . why, it's hardly any work at all!



You'll be pleased as a pussy cat with your gleaming floor! Such a wise idea to keep your floor spotless with Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat! Spilled things wipe up in a jiffy! And tests show regular Glo-Coat care adds long life to your linoleum . . . preserves the lovely original pattern.

For linoleum, asphalt, rubber finished wood floors

JOHNSON'S Self-Polishing GLO-COAT

by the makers of Johnson's Wax

New! DRAX for clothes and fabrics

Johnson's DRAX is a protective rinse for clothes and fabrics that will make them resist dirt, shed water, keep fresh longer!

1. Look for the DRAX tag on garments you buy.
2. Many laundries and dry cleaners can give you DRAX service.
3. LATER — DRAX will be available for use at home.



S. C. JOHNSON & SON, LIMITED
Brantford, Canada

Paper still packs a war punch — preserve every piece!



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Export Success Story

Continued from page 11

to him Mr. Weldon persisted and found that the salesman a bad temper was caused by the sad performances of a number of lamps. Mr Weldon looked at them and found they were not Coleman s but were made in Sweden He painted this out to the dealer, who said, "Oh, I thought all pressure lamps were made by Coleman !"

They are not, of course. Most industrial countries make them, but in the following four examples you will find some of the clues as to why Mr Weldon and the Coleman Company know where they are going right after the war They are hoping that hundreds of other Canadian manufacturers will follow them

The place is Caracas, Venezuela. The building shows a marked Spanish architectural influence Over the door hangs a large sign which reads, ' Palacio Coleman ' It is made from iron, the sun is warm, and only the steady hum of running motors breaks the silence. Follow the sound of the motors through the entrances and you will find a large patio There, ready for action, three uniformed dispatch riders, all Venezuelans, astride motorcycles, armed with workman's tool kits, are ready to answer emergency calls for repair service.

The tool kits contain a complete selection of working parts for Coleman lamps, stoves, irons and heaters All bear a ' Made in Canada' stamp they were turned out by 425 people who work in a big factory at Davies and Queen Streets in Toronto

The second place is Borneo A tiny collection of native huts is clustered on the edge of the dark jungle The setting is primitive—but there is one false note. The light which emanates from these huts is obviously a 20th century product Investigation shows a tall, slender lamp blindingly shiny, in which black grinning faces are reflected. There is that ' Made in Canada' stamp again. This lamp is no ordinary model. It is specially made to take considerable time to light—you'll find the reason later

The third place is China The day is dull and the small Chinese boy returns from the corner store, carrying a can of coal oil. His father fills the stove. Soon a cheering warmth pervades the hut. Once more the familiar legend—' Coleman '—"Made in Canada. To a Canadian this stove may be an unfamiliar model Most Canadians know the Coleman stove as a gasoline stove.

The fourth place is a township in South Africa A large group of natives all in a so-called ' kitchen,' cooking their meal. Six paraffin stoves, all ' Coleman ' are roaring away on the table. The light in the room is from a Coleman lamp

Mr Weldon sincerely believes that what his Company has done, other Canadian companies can do if they plan carefully and learn to understand the export markets.

Sold Light, Not Lamps

Coleman officials are as eager to see other Canadian trademarks in foreign markets as they are to see their own—provided of course the exporters maintain the standards they have set. They realize, first that it is good business for them if other fine Made in Canada products are accepted by foreign countries, and, secondly, that a healthy export trade means a healthy Canada

The far-reaching Coleman business and its origin in a chance vest paid in 1899 by W C Coleman, then a typewriter salesman, to a druggist in Bracken Alabama There he noticed an artificial light which was for those days, dazzling The druggist knew only that a traveller and lighted it and hung it there.

Coleman investigated and found that the lamp had no wick. Air, induced by a bicycle pump, forced the fuel from the lamp well to the burner, which was actually, a mantle

Some time later Mr. Coleman encountered the lamp again and the man who made it. It was called the Efficient Lamp and it was made in Memphis, Tennessee Mr. Coleman went to Kingfisher, Oklahoma to sell Efficient Lamps After six days' work and no sales he found out that the name was a misnomer and that Efficient Lamps were not very efficient. Someone had sold some in Kingfisher previously, and they had got out of order and stayed that way

It was then he hit on the idea which really gave him his start. He would sell light instead of lamps He sold light from his Efficient lamps, to merchants, at one dollar a week. He filled them mornings, lighted them evenings and before long had 100 customers Suddenly things went wrong. The lights failed. He found a construction deficiency and prevailed on the manufacturers to correct it. With the improvement customers increased He hired an assistant and spread his service In 1901 he bought out the manufacturers, and in that year alone stopped selling light and started making lamps.

Electricity was coming inroads in the cities. The desire for better lighting created by electricity, became Coleman's biggest selling point.

Until 1820 there was no Coleman plant In Canada. The lamps were imported and there was duty on them. In 1929 a Canadian assembly plant was opened here, with about 45 employees, and nearly all the parts were imported

This situation held until 1934 and during that time the average business was about $200 000 a year of which not more than $50 000 a year was export—mostly to Empire markets. During those early 30's business was so bad that the suggestion to close the Canadian plant was made several times

A careful analysis of the domestic market showed that there were then 10½ million people in Canada a large percentage had a complete supply of all Coleman products—lamps, heaters, stoves and irons—and the future of the domestic market was decidedly limited The company would never survive on the Canadian market alone

Schooled in Brooklyn

Then in 1934 the decision was made to try the Canadian plant as the plant manufacturing mostly for export, and to put a man trained in export trade in charge. The man was W J Weldon He had an academic education to speak of, no university degrees in economics commerce or finance, but had travelled all over the world and knew the exporting business. The travelling came later in his life then Mr Weldon would have liked He was born in New York City and went to public school in Brooklyn "That's all," says Mr. Weldon ruefully, of his formal education.

He sold newspapers on the Brooklyn streets and at 17 he went West and spent five years in Iowa, Nebraska and Colorado, where he was a cowboy. He returned to New York and joined Montgomery Ward a mail-order house, where he started on the mail room In two years he was in a "semi-executive" position, which he left in 1916 to join on exporting firm which acted as manufacturers' agents for such established companies as Ford Willard Storage Batteries Colgate, Listerine Gillette, Yale and Towne Locks and others Before he had a chance to travel the United States entered the war and he enlisted in the Navy

He didn't travel far it, either His lack of formal education handicapped him and he enlisted as an apprentice seaman and worked up to an able seaman at Pelham camp, New York He never got on a ship.

"They would come down the line and pick every third man for sea duty," he recalls. ' I would be the second man Ahead a week later I would be third in line and they would do it again This time they would pick every second man "

After the Armistice he returned to his exporting firm.

"Times then were pretty much like they are today!" he says. "The markets were starved and it was a golden opportunity for anyone interested in the development of export trade.

"I had never sold one dollar's worth of goods but they sent me out as a salesman to cover Japan China the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies, the Straits Settlements, Borneo, Siam, French Indo-China, India, Burma and Ceylon "

In spite of inexperience, the first month he did $400 000 worth of business. He spent three years away from home but he was not lonely On the boat out from San Francisco he met a Los Angeles girl and the shipboard romance culminated in marriage in Hong Kong

In 1923 he returned to New York for six months and went back to the same territory for another three years All the time he was finding out why some products sold well and others would not sell at all.

What It Takes

In 1928 Mr Weldon joined the Coleman Lamp and Stove Co and in 1934, when they decided to make Canada their factory headquarters for export, they put him in charge He immediately put into practice all the knowledge he had gained during those six years in the Far East

He knew that the first requirement of a good exporter is that he must visit the market himself revisit it from time to time and then send carefully selected men into the field

"They must be men of character and stability," Mr Weldon emphasized "They must go out and stay for a reasonable length of time It may take six months—or two years. These men must be able to feel the pulse of the market and to understand local trade and conditions. They must see up the competition and decide how to beat it."

They must be good enough judges of character to select trustworthy reliable local representatives. They must set up the proper scale of wholesale and retail prices and these prices must be adhered to under all stress.

It is important, in Mr Weldon's opinion, that the export market be made to feel that it is not just a market—a place where a manufacturer can dispose of goods The buyers must feel that the manufacturer has some interest in the country For that reason if possible, company representatives should learn the language

The company should have enough faith in the representative to trust his judgment on what he feels the market wants If people of one country express a liking for a certain type of design it is up to the representative to tell the

Continued on page 44



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● No mess—no work! Just sprinkle Gillett's Lye into toilet bowls and ugly stains are gone, nasty smells disappear. Clears clogged drains too—lightens up general cleaning. Get some today!

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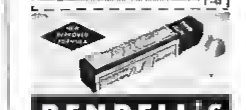


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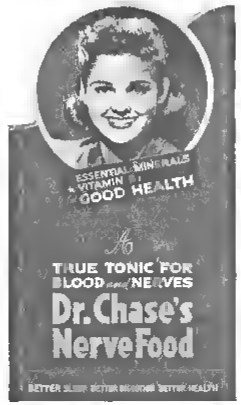
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Convertible into Cash IN ANY EMERGENCY

Buying Bonds HELPS KEEP PRICES DOWN









More than three million Canadians who bought bonds in previous loans realize the security these bonds provide for the future. Many plan to use them to help purchase a home to buy home improvements or equipment in years to come.

Come what may, every Victory Bond will be worth its face value at maturity and will continue to pay interest during the intervening years.

If you require cash in any emergency, your Victory Bonds can be converted into cash immediately at any time. Or you can deposit your bonds with the bank and borrow money using them as collateral.

With the shortage of many kinds of merchandise more acute than ever it is advisable in several years savings and earnings in bonds until merchandise becomes more plentiful again. By doing this you do your part in helping to prevent prices from going up.

Get ready

THERE WILL BE

One Victory Loan

in the next twelve months

INSTEAD OF TWO

What this means to you...

During the war years, some three million Canadians have periodically bought Victory Bonds once every six months out of their earnings or with accumulated cash. Now a change has been made. For reasons of economy, there will be only one Victory Loan during the next twelve months. Following the 9th Victory Loan there will not be another loan of this kind *for a whole year.*

Why the Change has been Made

One loan a year instead of two will cut down selling and administration costs substantially, due to the great reduction in administrative and clerical work. Thus important savings will be made.

There is another advantage, too. During the war, scores of leading business executives dropped their own affairs for a few weeks every six months and devoted their time to Victory Loan activities. The change will give these leaders more time for the vital job of speeding up peacetime reconversion and creating jobs for returning veterans.

Sign for Twelve Months instead of Six

Now that you have become accustomed to buying Victory Bonds regularly, you will find it easy to arrange your purchase over twelve months instead of six. If you have been buying by regular payments out of earnings or savings you will be able to arrange with your employer or your bank, loan or trust company to continue with the same payments so that your bond purchases per month will be twice as much as before

to share in the 9TH Victory Loan

NATIONAL WAR FINANCE COMMITTEE



FOR HOMES THAT SAY

"Welcome"

AND MEAN IT!

For grace of design and distinction of wood, make sure your occasional pieces bear the name Deilcraft. Then you will enjoy masterpieces of craftsmanship that will grow in beauty and companionship . . . and reflect the friendliness and hospitality of your home for years to come.

While Deilcraft Imperial Design Furniture is still limited in range, better times will again make this friendly furniture available in full supply

Look for the Deilcraft Tag

Deilcraft

fine furniture

DOMINION ELECTROHOME INDUSTRIES LIMITED

KITCHENER, ONTARIO

Continued from page 41

company to change the design—and if possible the company should act on it.

Therein lies the story of the Bernco lamp. The representative found the natives showing a decided lack of interest. They wanted the type of lamp with which they were familiar, even if it didn't light as quickly as the Canadian model.

The representative advised a special Bernco model—Coleman made it and most of the lamps in Berneo now carry a "Made in Canada" stamp.

The matter of the coal-oil stoves in China is another case in point. For the domestic market (before the war) gasoline stoves were in demand because gasoline was plentiful, convenient and comparatively inexpensive. In China conditions are different. Coal oil is accessible, less expensive and more popular, as shipments to the Chinese market are nearly all oil stoves.

Tough Competition

The toughest competition has always been German. Lamps were manufactured there under government subsidy and labor costs were low. In addition the German representatives had instructions to undersell all competitors, regardless of price.

In Argentina the Canadians met local competition from a modern streamlined plant tooled with American machinery. In addition there was a Hollywood penthouse set up for buyers coming to town, which was like something out of a movie. In addition to having to meet low wages paid to workers there (about $7 a week) the Canadians had shipping charges and attendant high marine insurance and protective tariffs.

The local manufacturers in Brazil were owned by German principals, operated by cheap native labor and protected by high tariffs, but that did not stop the Canadians. So completely did Coleman win the territory that in 1943 when an order banning production of Coleman lamps for civilian use went into effect, the Brazilians did not turn to their own manufacturers and say, 'Now here is your chance to overcome the foreign competition' but joined in the chorus of appeal for priorities.

All this competition was met and overcome, not solely on price but on quality, personal contact confidence in the product, a preference for the "imported article" and the right kind of publicity in the language of the country. These actually resolve themselves into the two most important factors—the local representative and service. The quality of the product is decided at the factory and from then on it is up to the representative, who is responsible for the personal contact and the publicity. The second factor is service.

Wherever Coleman lamps are sold in the expert markets of the world—no matter what their vintage—there is a competent servicemen available to repair them and supply replacements. That has been the greatest factor in their success and something that other lamp and stove manufacturers did not give.

Can't Fill Demand

Manufacture in the Coleman plant in Toronto was stepped up by the war and there was no need for selling. Almost all their production went to the armed services or to essential users who were producing for the war effort. One lot of items went to the South Pacific for delousing the soldiers' uniforms.

Through voluntary donations to the Canadian Aid to Russia fund, kerosene stoves were sent for use in field and base hospitals on 2,000 miles of the Russian front.

The Coleman Lamp and Stove Co. is going right back into the export field as soon as possible. Mr. Walden has two men, G. W. Melbourne and C. Ferrell, sitting in the Toronto office, gathering data about the Far East field. They are ready to go as soon as ships will take them. Another representative, R. R. Le Capelaine, just got back from three months in Mexico, Central and South America with $300,000 worth of new orders. Mr. Walden is not afraid of foreign competition.

As previously stated, Colemans have successfully penetrated the markets of every country in the world except Russia, Germany and Japan. Actually, they once did "sneak" Japan. Tokyo ordered one lot of products, but did not sell them. Instead, the little brown men took them apart and attempted to reproduce them—even to the trade-mark.

Your home test can bring you SOFTER, SMOOTHER SKIN in just 14 days!



Compare your complexion with your shoulders. You'll find your shoulders look 5 or more years younger. Why? Because shoulder pores are kept clean by your regular Palmolive Soap baths—and so able to breathe freely. But face pores, clogged with dirt and make-up, can't breathe freely and ruin your complexion. Lotions or flexible softeners and ages before its time. That needless hazard to your complexion is Palmolive offers an easy way to keep it radiantly lovely.

You can look younger in 14 days! Wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive—and each time with a face-cloth massage Palmolive lather into your skin—for 60 seconds! This easy Palmolive Massage stimulates the circulation clears the pores to help your complexion regain its flexible softness . . . become softer smoother in just 14 days!



Best For the Boy

Continued from page 13

Ross said: "You wait here, June. It will be much easier that way."

A constable moved through the onlookers as Ross got out of the car, his uniform standing out sharply in the dim light.

"I've come about Andy Carlton, Officer," Ross told him.

"You're the boy's father?" the policeman asked, and June's breath caught chokingly.

"His father's away at present," Ross' voice was crisp and level. "I'm McLean of West Coast Insurance. I want to see Inspector Chase."

ANDY sat in the car between June and Ross, driving home, his fingers pushing at the creases of his dark corduroy shirt, shoulders hunched defensively.

"The old truck sideswiped me. It wasn't my fault." He threw accusing at June jerkily. "They never took the truck driver in at all. They just pinned it all on me."

He'd been driving to Glendale to get some parts for a radio he was fixing. He knew a way to turn the car ignition without a key, it seemed. He'd figured it out the way he would figure anything mechanical.

"But, Andy, whatever made you?" June said sickly. "You know how I've warned you about driving the car. You're too little, Andy."

"I can drive better than guys out here who do it all the time." His voice was stiff and shrill. "I'm big enough." That was his answer to everything lately—"I'm big enough."

"Andy—" June whispered. He'd lost the tight stocking cap he wore to keep his hair in place, and the light soft strands lay flat and damp on his forehead. His small fine-featured face, as like June's own was smudged with dirt. His sweater was buttoned wrong. It stuck out unevenly at the throat and June's fingers moved to straighten the grimy shirt collar underneath. "Andy—baby!"

Ross cleared his throat in sharp protest as he stopped the car in the gravelled driveway. "Let's forget it, June. Andy promised both Inspector Chase and me that he wouldn't take the car again." He turned to Andy abruptly. "Come on, let's go down to the basement. I want to see what you've done with that radio set."

Ross is right, June told herself as she slid out of the car. Talking to Andy wasn't going to help. It was like Ross had told her before—the boy needed to be diverted, to be encouraged with his mechanical and electrical interests. That was the way to keep him out of trouble.

But what do I know about electrical things, June thought. She was frightened even to go into the basement since Andy had rigged it up as a workshop and turned it into a maze of wires and batteries. She couldn't help Andy in that way, or in any way that counted right now. Andy needed man-help. He needed Ross McLean! She couldn't put off facing it any longer. She had to have Ross' help with Andy. She had to go on seeing him—even though she knew where it was leading. Even though she was sure now that Ross was in love with her.

The kitchen was dark as June came into it, and she stood a moment waiting for the familiar feel of it to reach through and steady her. The soft tap of water from the faucet that needed tightening, the glow of the pilot light on the gas stove—home, for over a year now, the first home the Carltons had ever owned.

June and Andy had always followed Andrew from port to port before the war. That was the way June had wanted it. A home body mattered to her. But since the war it suddenly had in the midst of so much fear and restlessness and uncertainty she had to have something reassuring to cling to, something solid.

"If this city is to be your home port for a while," she'd told Andrew when she'd met him here, "I want to buy a little piece of our own—out in the country, as Andy can have chickens and a garden."

"So he can have room for all his electrical gadgets, you mean," Andrew had grinned. "Andy's no farmer honey."

"Well, he's got to get outdoors more, anyway." Even then she'd known a pressing need for drawing Andy toward the things he herself understood and liked, for getting him away from the motors and chemical sets that she found so bewildering. "He needs sunshine and fresh air."

"He does June?" Andrew's eyes had gone suddenly grave. "Then we'll see that he gets it, hon. Whatever is best for the boy."

It had been that way always with Andrew. Andy's welfare had always been his first concern, as it was June's. She had a moment of wondering now, thinkly, whether Andrew's answer would be the same familiar one if he knew the problem that was facing her tonight. If he knew she was turning for help to a man who would break up their marriage in the end would Andrew still tell her, "Whatever is best for the boy, June."

She pulled out of her coat quickly as she heard Ross coming up the basement steps. She looked small and slight in her blue wool school dress with her hair soft and disordered about her absurd dark eyes. Ross' voice was husky as he came to her.

"You're pale as a little ghost, June. Please forget the whole thing, won't you? Andy's forgotten it already. He's got the radio plugged into that special switchboard of his and he's busy as a beaver."

He put both hands on June's slim arms. "You've got to stop this worrying about him! Come on—I'm going to take you out to dinner."

"Oh, I couldn't leave Andy, not tonight—"

"You can get Mrs. Tamson in, June." Ross' voice was tight as he drew her to him. For just a moment the steadying strength of his nearness flowed through June held her, and then she drew away.

"Andy's coming, Ross." She stepped



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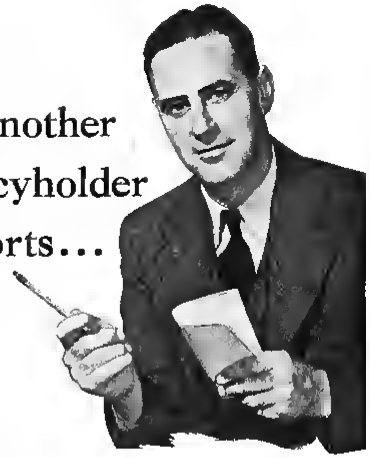


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"I DISCOVERED during our conversation that these fathers were not aware that it was possible to obtain a policy with the benefits provided by the Family Income contract, and both of them have now interviewed my Mutual Life representative, whom I recommended to them, and discovered how the policy will fit into their insurance programs."

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BLUE-JAY FOR *CORNS*



JULIE

Look, Mummy! I made it shine quick as you do!

MOTHER: Wonderful, dear! Guess both of us know the tub-cleaning secret.

Bon Ami! This *different* cleanser never leaves those dirt catching scratches that mar porcelain and make it so much harder to clean.

Without grit or harsh alkalis, Bon Ami simply *slicks* dirt off in a jiffy—and *polishes* while it cleans. Leaves every surface satin-smooth and gleaming. And (best of all) Bon Ami never roughens pretty hands. For speed —and safety—make it your only cleanser!

P.S. Bon Ami is perfect for *all* cleaning—sinks, bathtubs, windows, mirrors, smooth painted woodwork, pots and pans, metal and enamel surfaces.

MADE IN CANADA

Bon Ami

THE SPEEDY CLEANSER *that "hasn't scratched yet!"*



back swiftly as the boy came into the kitchen, a radio tube in his hand.

"Look," Andy thrust the tube toward Ross. His voice was tense and shrill. "Look, this tube shows fine on the board—"

"Ross," June said impetuously, "stay here for dinner. Let's just go out. I'll fix something, easy. It won't be any trouble."

"Yeah, Ross!" Andy's voice was tight with sudden urgency. "Yeah, come on. Stay here."

"Well—all right." Ross laughed a little, looking down at Andy's intent, flushed face. "If you want me that badly, fellow."

"You'll have to forgive his pressing you," June said unsteadily. "You're the only man-contact he has these days."

His own face was warm as she turned away, and a small pulse was beating an uneven rhythm in her throat. The only man-contact I have too, she thought. It's true. I was honest about it!

IT WASN'T for herself though. Over and over, those next days, she kept coming back to that. It was because of Andy that she needed Ross McLean. She'd got through all the years before, 14 years of living for Andrew's home-comings, without once turning to anyone else. It couldn't be her own loneliness that was drawing her to Ross. It was just her pressing, growing fear for Andy.

He was never out of her mind, even during school hours. When she sat in a teachers' meeting and listened to the principal talk of growing juvenile delinquency, of the critical youth problems of today," it was all she could do to keep from jumping at the other teachers. "It's all right for you to listen so placidly. It isn't your boy he's talking about. It's Andy!"

Her worst woe suffering and she knew it. She longed for the school term to be over and yet she dreaded the long vacation days when she'd have to keep constant check on Andy. She couldn't trust him at all; she couldn't talk things out with him as she used to. They'd always been so close, Andy and she, too close, maybe. Perhaps it was true, as Ross said, that she'd babied the boy too much. But he was her entire world in the long stretches Andrew was away, and she was his. He meant everything to her. Her life had always revolved around his needs, and yet now, when he needed her the most, she felt completely helpless and confused.

"Andy, you don't seem to have any friends coming to the house," she told him one morning at breakfast. "When we first moved out here there was that Sea Scout group—"

"Kid stuff." Andy moved restlessly, his thin shoulders hunched over his plate. "They're no fun."

"Nothing's any fun lately unless it's something wrong!" June's voice was sharp with worry and with strain. "Your teacher just called to say you skipped school yesterday—and Mrs. Tomson told me you were out tinkering with the car again."

"I don't want that old Mrs. Tomson around here," Andy said. "You don't have to get her to come and stay with me when you go out with Ross. I can take care of myself. I'm plenty big enough. If Mrs. Tomson comes here again, I'll—fix her good. I'll wire those basement steps so she'll get a shock when she comes down there prying—"

"Andy! Don't—talk like that ever again!" June caught at his arm and her fingers were rigid. "If this were a pupil in school, she thought, I'd send him to the principal. But it was Andy, and the only man who could help him with him was Ross McLean.

She turned away from the table, searching for her school coat blindly. "I'll be home early tonight, Andy. Ross is—going to drive me. He'll take a look at that refrigerator motor with you—"

She'd have to call Ross and ask him. Her mind was planning it out mechanically as she gave last minute instructions to Andy. This would make the third time this month that she'd had to call Ross, but she didn't know what else to do. The mounting fear was too much for her this morning.

"June, you've got to stop worrying so." Ross told her on the drive home. "Andy's become quite a problem, I know that, but we'll work it out."

We—you and I. He'd said it as calmly as if it had been an accepted fact for a long time. His face was perfectly composed as June swung about toward him.

"Ross—" She broke off in choked confusion, her mind grasping for something, anything at all, to cover the significance of what he'd said. She wasn't ready to face it yet, she couldn't.

"Would you take a look at the refrigerator when we get home, Ross? There's—something wrong. It hums along but it isn't freezing. Andy was all for overhauling it himself but I told him he had to wait. I'm afraid of that motor. It's been rewired—it's down in the basement, you know."

Andrew had moved it there the last time he was home with Andy excitedly helping. Eight months ago, it had been—eight months since she'd seen Andrew.

"Won't it hurt the motor to move it?" June remembered how she'd asked him that, protestingly. "I never heard of running an ice box from the basement."

She had a sudden vivid picture of Andrew and Andy exchanging amused glances at her words, winking at one another. "These women!" Andrew said, and Andy swaggered a little, moving closer to him.

"They just don't savvy," he said solemnly.

THERE were no lights in the upper part of the house when June and Ross turned in the driveway. "Andy's in the basement as usual," June said, "probably rigging up some contraption to surprise you."

She went through the kitchen, shivering a little. She'd told Andy to move up the thermostat but he must have forgotten.

"Andy, we're here," she called down the stairs. And then she pushed the door wide and started down the steps, running.

"Andy—"

He was crouched against the bottom step, his face a queer white, his right arm twisted under him, rigid.

"Mom," he said thickly, "I—can't move it—"

"Andy, what is it? What happened?" She caught at his arm, rubbing it with both hands frantically. "Andy, tell me—"

"It's electric shock." Ross' voice was sharp and quick behind her. "Let me, June—" He stooped to lift Andy from the step. "It takes artificial respiration."

"The doctor," June whispered. Ross had Andy full length on the concrete floor. His was kneeling, pressing his hands into Andy's back. "I'll—call the doctor."

She held to the wall, stumbling up the steps. Her own hands felt rigid, like Andy's. Her breath was coming in hard gasps. The doctor's phone number was written on the kitchen pad but it took seconds to find it. And then a woman's voice was talking her, indistinct-

Continued on page 49

ANNOUNCING CANADA'S NEWEST PENS



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Continued from page 48

ently, "The doctor has left for the day. Is there a message?

"Oh, but I've—got to get him," June said shrilly. She stopped, her throat suddenly numb. "Please—"

"June—" Ross called from downstairs. "June has all right now. Never mind the doctor."

She held to the phone for several seconds, unable to speak into it, unable to put it down. "Thank you," she said then faintly. "Thank you—very much."

Ross still had Andy on the floor when she got back to him. But there was color in Andy's face, and his fingers were warm as June gripped them.

"Andy," she said, "what—happened, darling?" The cover of the refrigerator motor had been removed, she saw. There were tools and wire strewn about it.

"I had my switchboard on, and I didn't know," Andy said jerkily. "I must've touched it at the same time I was touching the wires from the motor."

"But Andy, I told you to wait with the refrigerator. I told you Ross would do it." June was sick with reaction, her voice all jerky. "Oh, Andy, why did you?"

"I could have fixed it," Andy said defensively. "I was just hurrying too fast, that was all. I know how—"

But Ross' voice stopped him. "That will do, Andy." He straightened and came to June quickly, turning her toward the stairway. "You get some dinner started, can you, Jane?" Andy and I have some talking to do."

"Ross," June whispered instantly, "what if you—hadn't been here?"

June and Ross sat at the kitchen table after Andy had gone to bed and June filled Ross' coffee cup swiftly, putting off for another moment the thing that she knew was coming. The little cream jug was only half full and she took it to the refrigerator and poured cream into it slowly. The cooking heat of the kitchen was close and damp on and her, and she knew she was breathing hard, as if she'd been running.

"There—" She put the cream down near Ross, and he caught at her hands. "You've got to have a rest, June. My sister has a place at the beach. I'm going to take you there tomorrow, for the week end, you and Andy. I want you to know Margie. I think you two will like each other."

So it was as simple as that, the words at least. "I want you to know my sister—" And this was the crossroads. This was where all the dinners and the talks and the hours of tinkering in the basement with Andy had been leading. This was the time when it had to be good-by, finally and completely, or acceptance of what he'd said today. "We'll work it out, June." You and I—not you and Andrew any longer.

She drew back a little, trying to think, and all that world came clearly was remembrance of Andy's face of his small rigid arm. "I can't leave it, Mem—"

"Ross," she said. "I—don't know—" But his hands drew her closer.

"I do, June. I need you—I've known for a long time. A man my age needs a home and a wife. And you need me to help with Andy. He isn't an easy boy, June, and he's right at the dangerous age."

"I know," she whispered. Her eyes were blurred with tears as he drew her to him. "Oh, Ross, do you—think I don't know?"

SHE told Andy the week-end plans in the morning, doing her best to make her voice easy and natural. But she couldn't bring herself to tell him yet what lay behind the beach trip.

"We'll leave right after school. Andy. Ross is going to pick me up first—"

"You mean — me, too?" Andy blurted out. "Are you going to take me with you?"

"Andy—of course!" It's for you that we're going, she came very near telling him. "You can't go on as you have been darling. I can't let you."

He had to have help, man help. He had to have guidance and discipline. She kept going over and over it during the slow school hours that followed. Her pupils moved restlessly in their seats, conscious of her absorption, and she didn't even know.

If she could even look forward to Andy's having his father soon, that would be something. But the merchant navy would be busier than ever now the war was over. A few days now and then, a few weeks out of a year, that was as much time as Andrew would be able to give his son, and it wasn't anything like enough.

She folded her desk carefully, tenderly, when the room emptied at last, as if she felt the need for holding onto these few last minutes before she'd start off with Ross. She watered the plants on the window sill and changed the display of book jackets on the bulletin board. She bent, at last, to pound the erasers together over the wastebasket, and a filter of chalk dust drifted up in a small white cloud.

"Chalk mist," Andrew had called it once, coming in after school to find her cleaning erasers. "There's chalk mist in your hair, honey."

He'd run his fingers through the soft waves, shaking the chalk flecks out. His hand had brushed her forehead, gone quiet there, and moved then, against her face.

"June, we're sailing Saturday—" She remembered his voice, the charged quickness of it, the tension. She remembered his face, brown and alive, the tiny weather lines creased near his eyes. She remembered the dim stillness of the schoolroom, the smell of chalk and dust and potted hyacinth.

"Sailing where, Andrew?"

"South America, Bugs." That silly name he'd called her. "Bugs, June bug. Silly mit, unbearably sweet. "We could be married before I go, June. It's only a few months trip this time—"

"Andrew, would it always be going and coming?" She'd asked him then, that long ago. And he'd told her.

"Yes, sweet. I'm afraid it would." He held her away from him, facing her squarely. "It's not an easy life for a woman, June. It throws the burden pretty much her way—"

His voice broke. "And you're such a little thing, Bugs."

It came back to her now how she had felt holding to his shoulders, gripping them tightly. Knowing a day, a week of having him close would make up for months of waiting, always. It came back to her what she had said.

"I can do it, Andrew—" Making a promise of the words. "I can accept a marriage where I'll have to carry the home burden, because I want it. That badly, because no other marriage will do. I can manage whatever comes—war, fear, confusion, worry—always alone."

She put the erasers down and she was breathing quickly, her throat full and tight.

"June—" Ross stood in the school room doorway, and his voice was sharp with annoyance. "I've been waiting outside since three-thirty."

"I'm not going, Ross." She was amazed at the lightness of her voice, at the quick strength of it. "I'm sorry. I've put you to so much trouble. I've

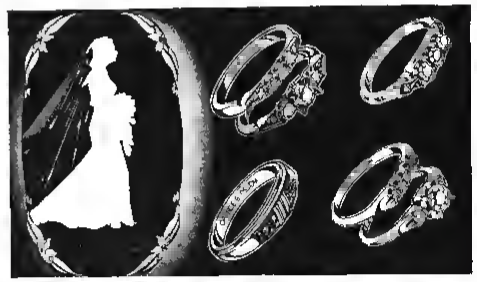
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been a dreadful nuisance these past weeks but I'm all right now"

"June, you mean—"

She put a hand to her hair, brushing it back with fingers that were surprisingly steady

"You know what I mean, Ross. I won't be going with you, today or any time"

IT WAS late when Jonas got home at last, and her throat tightened as she saw Andy's bag packed and waiting near the kitchen door

"That you, Mom?" he called from the basement

"Andy—" She took the heavy package she was carrying to the kitchen table. "Come up, please. I've brought you something"

It was a tank, a strange-looking thing in strange pieces, with an engine that would run the vacuum had said, if it were properly fitted together. Jonas's fingers were unsteady, helping Andy unwrap the parts. She picked up the directions and read the first line over and over, trying to make sense of it.

"Maybe we should—eat first, Andy. Then we'll get at this."

"But Ross'll be coming." Andy's fingers were busy with the small generator

"No." June said, "he won't, Andy."

"Well, when are we leaving for the beach, then?"

"We're—not going, Andy." June put a hand against the table. Telling Ross had been easy compared to this. "You see, Andy, I—talked to Ross tonight, and he won't be coming out again, any time."

Andy's fingers were still against the generator. He swung toward her and she drew back a little.

"Mean you mean Ross won't be coming—at all? You mean—"

June saw his eyes then and her breath caught. They were glowing. They were blinded drenched with—relief

"We don't need him, Mom. We'll get this tank together. And the refrigerator—I can do it next time. I can get it, Mom."

"Andy," she whispered, "Andy"

If she hadn't been so blended, so confused by her own insurances as an unsure world should have known all along. "You won't go out to eat, Mom. You'll stay here—" He'd said it so often so ominously—and she hadn't known. Not you and Ross alone, Mom, too. Crowding in, staying close, warding off something strange and terrifying, something there'd never been before

"I can do it. I'll fix the refrigerator. Not Ross—I'll do it before he gets here. Getting out blindly, fighting back at a thing too big for him, a thing that was throwing his safe small world, the only world he'd ever known all out of balance

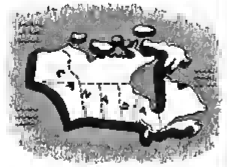
"I know it's been tough on you, with Dad gone so long this time—"

"Tough on—me, Andy?" She wanted to laugh or to cry. But she shut her eyes blindly instead. What was it the school principal had said so often? "Those are critical years for our teen-age youngsters—" He'd forgotten the rest of it. He'd forgotten to include the youngsters' mothers

"We'll manage, Mom." Andy swept the tank parts back to the end of the table. He rubbed a small grimy wrist against his forehead, pushing his hair back. "Want me to help with the dinner? I'll fry the ham. I know how"

"I'm sure you do." She didn't touch him. Somehow she managed that. She took off her coat and folded it neatly, one wide sleeve over the other. "You could get the whole meal, I guess, if you had to. You're—big enough, Andy"

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FOR PARTICULAR PEOPLE

Quacker Comeback

Continued from page 18

otherwise curbed the gunner—and the duck supply kept right on dwindling

Then in 1938 when it seemed the Canadian wild duck might soon be sharing a museum case with the passenger pigeon, Ducks Unlimited stepped onto the picture

Few Canadians had even heard of the organization at that time. It was an American organization, launched by a far-sighted group of outdoorsmen well aware of the threat to their sport of duck hunting and optimistic enough to believe they could avert that threat.

The sportsmen in the group were members of More Game Birds in America, Inc., a New York foundation which had already revealed the startling extent of duck depletion through a survey in which game authorities of the prairie provinces and the north central states had co-operated. With its findings in the bag, More Game Birds had assigned its staff to preparation of a program calling for the raising of $3 millions among U. S. duck shooters over a period of five years. The sum was to be devoted to restoration of drought-stricken breeding grounds in Canada. Dominion and provincial governments had offered complete co-operation.

A new title was needed for the outfit, however, since its work would be international in scope. The founders were taking it away around the fireplace of a New York State fishing lodge one evening in 1936 when somebody came up with a name that struck all present as a natural—Ducks Unlimited.

Ducks Unlimited was incorporated in the District of Columbia on January, 1937, as a non-profit membership corporation. The incorporating trustees were Arthur M. Hartley, Dr. John A. Hartwell Newbold L. Herrick, John C. Huntington, and Wayne Johnson, all of New York City. Subsequently Ducks Unlimited (Canada) was incorporated with Leigh Spencer, Calgary and Vancouver, Hon. W. G. Ross, K.C., Winnipeg, Mrs. Jaw, the late James A. Richardson, Winnipeg, and S. S. Hulme, Ottawa, as directors.

Throughout 1937 and for two years thereafter, the More Game Birds Foundation contributed the services of its staff and underwrote all expenses of forming state and local committees of leading U. S. duck hunters. These committees, all serving voluntarily, raised over $100,000 by February, 1938—and the drive was really on.

Headquarters for Ducks Unlimited (Canada) was established at Winnipeg. Canadian National Railways loaned their veteran water service engineer, T. C. Main, as general manager. He still holds that post, and is still enthusiastic about it. No single man is responsible for the success of Ducks Unlimited but Tom Main, say his associates, deserves a very generous slice of credit.

Ducks Are Dumbells

Ducks Unlimited at once took the wind out of its critics' sails by agreeing with their strongest argument which was that there is plenty of water in western and northern Canada for the present duck population.

"Sure," said Ducks Unlimited. "There's sufficient water and breeding grounds for twice as many birds, and food for three times as many. But we can't make the ducks understand that!"

Paradoxical as it sounds, that is a fair statement of the case. Ducks lack the intuition which would steer them away from shallow, quick-drying ponds and drive them on to more permanent oceans of water.

Here's what happens.

Each spring, when the birds fly north, they find hundreds of thousands of potholes, sloughs and shallow lakes containing from six inches to three feet of water, the result of melting snow and early spring precipitation. Mother ducks know these prairie potholes will produce unlimited food, such as water nymphs, Daphnia or water fleas, other crustaceans and larvae at the time their young are hatched, and build their nests adjacent to these shallow water areas. The ducklings must have this animal food during the first six weeks of their lives as their metabolism is so rapid that they would starve to death on vegetable foods.

There are many recorded cases where water has disappeared due to seepage and evaporation before the eggs could be hatched. Even in a normal year, 75% of these potholes disappear entirely before the broods can fly. Ducklings and their mothers travel from one puddle to another as the water disappears. In many cases the mother duck dies with her brood as she stays with them until they pass out and is then too weak to make her getaway. This would seem to be the chief reason for an unbalanced sex ratio of approximately six males to four females, since there is pretty good evidence that the sexes are about equal at birth.

Perennial disaster to broods and to a considerable percentage of adults was the rule. A tally on sample areas throughout the West in 1940 showed an over-all loss of 21,800,000 birds.

The plan which Ducks Unlimited set out to implement in 1938—and with which it is still proceeding—was to establish from five to eight "kee" (key) waters in each good duck nesting "township" of 36 square miles. With this done, ducklings and their mothers wouldn't have to waddle on their webbed feet more than a couple of miles in any direction before reaching safe anchorage in a permanent pond.

How "Kee" Ponds Are Made

Methods of establishing these kee waters are varied. In pothole country "D U" field men and their hired or volunteer workers drain two or more potholes into one, thereby establishing sufficient drainage area tributary to the kee pond to make it a permanent lake. In other sectors they build a dam and establish a fairly large body of water that becomes the kee water sometimes five hundreds of potholes around its perimeter.

Occasionally neither of these standard methods will suffice and they are forced to excavate a kee pond about every quarter of a mile in the beds of large shallow lakes. Frequently these are blasted out with dynamite and this method is proving surprisingly economical. Sometimes they can put in a dam at a narrow point on a lake and reduce the area subject to evaporation, assuring permanent water over a smaller area.

The record of accomplishment is impressive. Most noteworthy feat is that in the fall of 1944 approximately 140 million ducks flew south out of Canada.

"We've now improved nearly a million and a quarter acres in 155 projects," Tom Main reports. "Practically all this land has been made available to us at no cost, not at a nominal figure, by the Dominion Government, the Governments of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, by municipalities, private companies and even individuals.

"Many of our dams have been constructed on a co-operative basis,



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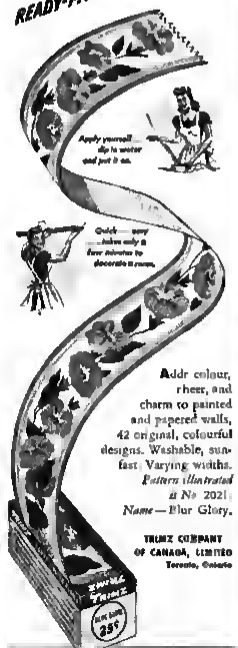
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with the municipality or town supplying labor, teams and trucks. We supplied the engineering design, supervision and, of course, the materials."

Where pond making isn't handled on a co-operative basis, the organization employs regular construction companies or work crews. In more remote areas farmers are hired to make excavations or build dams with their teams.

"I'd say that for every dollar the American sportsmen have sent up here in cash, the Canadian Governments and people have invested at least $10 in land and services," says Mr. Main.

Most valuable of these services is that provided by the "ham men." There are 2,000 of them—farmers, ranchers, trappers, bush pilots, scroll businessmen, professional men, schoolteachers and others—and the number is still increasing. Their job is to report regularly to Ducks Unlimited on waterfowl conditions, production and movements. Unpaid volunteer inspectors in Canada, a dark factory, they've served from one to seven years, aiding the organization's small staff of head-quarters and field men in every way they can.

Besides supplying vital information for all seasons, the ham men also suggest new projects, which D.U. may undertake.

In addition, a small army of U.S. hunters report annually to Ducks Unlimited on waterfowl migrations.

They've Only Just Started

Simple sounding, but it costs much in time, money and plain hard work, and Tom Main and his associates will tell you readily that the job is now just nicely under way.

Besides providing permanent bodies of water, Ducks Unlimited fights a never-ending war with the hordes of predators that relish nothing better than a clutch of duck eggs or a batch of tender ducklings. The "big four" among predators are crows, magpies, ground squirrels and jackfish or great northern pike. Their combined annual take is eight times the bag of all Canadian and American hunters.

Millions of crows followed the plow to the West. Ducks Unlimited, working with hunters and government agencies, and even enlisting school children, has reduced the number of crows by 2,000,000 since it got to work. At one time it was estimated that jackfish ate something like 8,000,000 ducklings annually. Boys of lakes have been seined for these snag-toothed killers, and the results have been good.

Perhaps the most striking "before and after" example in the D.U. records is that of southern Alberta's Many Island Lake.

Many Island Lake was a government waterfowl sanctuary. It deteriorated until it became a deathtrap. Runoff from the Cypress Hills flooded great shallows in the spring. Ducks nested in thousands. Then the "phantom" ponds evaporated and the ducks died. In July, 1938, the valley floor was littered with the rotting carcasses of 100,000 ducks and ducklings.

The Alberta Government entrusted Many Island Lake to Ducks Unlimited. Local ranchers, farmers and sportsmen from Medicine Hat volunteered their help. Dams were built, creek beds ditched, water penned in permanent lakes. Today the air over Many Island Lake is full of the rustle of strong wings. The ducks aren't dying there any more.

Even farmers and ranchers once suspicious of Ducks Unlimited or openly hostile toward it now speak enthusiastically of how its projects have indirectly aided them.

Provision of permanent waters has made available for stock raising lands formerly useless. Over 100,000 head of cattle now water on D.U. projects. Flood irrigation of hay crops has increased production for winter feeding.

An example of how a reclamation project—aimed, remember, at providing more ducks for U.S. hunters—has aided Canadian ranchers is to be found 18 miles south of Hanna, Alta. There D.U. built a dam across Bullpound Creek to form a lake seven miles long, in which each spring freshet is caught and retained. Surplus water was piped from the dam for the benefit of ranchers. This artificial flow traverses 35 once parched prairie miles. In recent years 22 ranchers have moved to areas where their cattle will have access to that water—courtesy of Ducks Unlimited.

Muskrats and beaver have been planted in some of the reclaimed lakes and marshes. One area, barren of fur for many years, is now producing $30,000 in muskrat pelts annually.

In locations that couldn't be reached with excavating machinery, beaver were introduced to take the place of gas shovels and bulldozers. They were carefully guarded, and it wasn't long before they had constructed popple-and-mud dams which effectively restored water levels. Ducks were soon taking advantage of the new year-round water supply, setting up housekeeping and raising their broods to maturity in safety.

The beaver are on the increase and before long a limited amount of trapping will be permitted. That means more revenue for certain outlying areas where cash is scarce.

Not even Tom Main knows how long Ducks Unlimited will continue its work, but the money keeps coming in, and in the 631,000 square miles of the duck factory there are still endless reclamation jobs to be done.

The Money Rolls In

"When we started," says Tom Main, "we only had assurance of $100,000 a year. With that sort of money we felt it was necessary to concentrate our work in the major duck-nesting territory, the prairie provinces. In any case, that was where the ducks needed our help the most. During the past several years much more money has been made available. Last year we took in $382,000. This year we fully expect between $400,000 and $500,000.

"With that sort of money we're prepared to go farther afield. Last spring we established an office in Fredericton, N.B., and appointed Lieut.-Cmdr. Bruce S. Wright, late of the Naval Commandos, as Maritimes manager."

Mr. Wright is now studying the duck situation in the Maritimes, and Ducks Unlimited expects to launch operations there next spring. As competent men are available, D.U. also proposes to initiate its effective brand of reclamation and conservation in British Columbia and Ontario where needed.

Mr. Main emphasizes that while his organization spark-plugged the move to save the ducks, generous voluntary help has been forthcoming from outside sources. The Prairie Farm Rehabilitation Administration has created thousands of water areas throughout the duck-nesting territories, has loaned engineering parties, supplied topographical plans and encouraged its community pasture managers to serve as key men.

In Alberta the Special Areas Board has arranged land rights and flood easements where D.U. has established projects on land under its jurisdiction.

But the chief factor behind the success achieved by Ducks Unlimited to date, Tom Main feels, has been the support given by Canada's farmers and ranchers.

"They've raised more ducks through their individual activities," he says, "than we have on our 155 production plants."

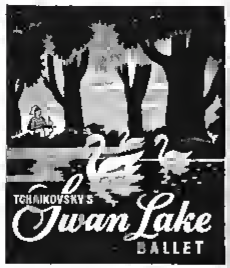
D.U. officers admit readily that their charges sometimes do considerable damage to crops, especially at times when the grain is out but rains have halted operations. They've tried various "scare-aways," including automatic shotguns which fire periodically, and shiny tin squares hung on poles to dangle and flash in the sunlight.

A sovereign vehicle of control, however, is the clause in the Migratory Birds Convention Act, which provides that between Aug. 1 and Sept. 14 inclusive, farmers in the three prairie provinces may kill, but not sell, wild ducks causing damage in a definite crop area. If the farmer doesn't handle a scatter gun himself, he may furnish some hunter with a letter of permission allowing him to shoot ducks out of season in his fields.

How about the U.S. sportsman for whose benefit Ducks Unlimited was organized and whose dollars continue to provide it with funds for its projects?

Commencing with the 1939 hunting season, he began to notice a healthy increase in the southward flights. That increase has continued steadily. The result has been more birds in the bag, and a lengthened shooting season both in the United States and Canada.

The quarkers are making their comeback. The Ducks Unlimited toast, "Good Hunting, Brethren!" has in seven years been changed from wishful thinking to a happy reality.



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Home Is the Hunter

Continued from page 9

was the most important thing in the world as if life itself hung grimly in the balance.

Cleverly Anthony regarded his son-in-law. There was a savage quality about Neil Kendrick now. He was like a machine. Anthony thought, a cold, precise machine that never missed. You could understand now that while he was young in years he was old in the ways of killing. You could understand how he had machine-gunned that street in Caen.

I will have to go along with him, Tom Anthony thought. With June and him. She's married him, and she's the kind that stays married. He must be a good boy in other respects. Yes, I'll have to go along with them. But I'm glad June didn't come with us and see this—this exhibition. I hope to God she *never* watches him shoot!

He made up his mind instantly. "Let's trade guns, Neil. I'd like to shoot that bittle fellow a while."

"Okay, sir," Neil said tonelessly.

Hungrily, jealously, Anthony took the shotgun into his hands. She was a lady, the little fellow had had her custom made for Phil years ago. Because she had been Phil's she was after June the most precious thing in the world to him. When he got home tonight he'd scrub her with oil, wipe the disgrace from her, and never again would Neil Kendrick hold her in his hands.

"Point!" Neil called. "Point, sir."

"You take it," Anthony said instantly.

Neil stepped in and the bird had no more than cleared the undergrowth when the charge of shot smacked it down. Turning, Anthony walked aimlessly through the trees. Once Neil shouted to him—but he didn't answer, and presently they were out of sight of each other. *Continued on page 56*

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Casserole dishes — use fresh-cooked or leftover sausage with agreeable partners.

Chowder—sliced cooked sausages in potato, corn or mixed vegetable chowders.

Stuffing — sausage meat with salt, seasoned bread crumbs in squash or egg plant, with rice and tomatoes in green peppers.

Cobbler—no recipe. Try with cornbread too.

Shortcake—creamed and served between split hot biscuits.

In a bun—with mustard or relish.

Sausage Cobbler

1¼ Pound of sausages
2 Cupfuls of flour
3½ Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
½ Teaspoonful of salt
3½ Tablespoonfuls of shortening
¾ Cupful of milk
2-3 Medium apples

Partially cook the sausages in a frying pan. Sift the flour, measure and sift again with the baking powder and salt. Cut in the shortening with two knives, then add the milk, mixing just enough to moisten the dry ingredients. Roll ¼ inch thick and spread in a shallow baking dish about nine inches square. Peel the apples and cut in thin wedge-shaped pieces. Place the sausages in an even row on top of the dough and press apple slices between the sausages. Brush the apples with sausage fat and bake in a hot oven (400 deg. F.) for 30 to 35 minutes or until the crust is brown and the apples tender. Serve with tomato soup sauce if desired. Six servings.

Sausage Chowder

2½ Cupfuls of potatoes, diced
½ Cupful of celery, diced
1 Medium onion chopped
½ Pound of sausage
2½ Tablespoonfuls of flour
3½ Cupfuls of milk

Cook the vegetables in a small amount of boiling water until tender. Cut the sausages into small pieces and fry slowly. Pour off all but two tablespoonfuls of the fat, add the flour and blend well. Add the milk and cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Add the vegetables together with the water they were cooked in, and season to taste with salt and pepper. Reheat. Six servings.

Savory Sausage and Apple Casserole

2 Tablespoonfuls of butter or mild-flavored dripping
1 Onion, chopped
1 Pound of sausages, cut in 1 in. pieces
1 Large sour apple
¼ Cupful of raisins
½ Teaspoonful of salt
½ Teaspoonful of pepper
½ Teaspoonful of poultry seasoning
1 Cupful of stock (bouillon cube and water)

Melt the butter in a frying pan, add the onion and cook until tender. Add the sausage and cook until browned. Combine with the remaining ingredients and put into a casserole, top with crumbs and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 35 to 40 minutes. Six servings.

GIVE THE 30-DAY TEST A TRY...

You'll soon prove how one simple change of diet can help you keep fit!

1. *If you're really ill,* see your doctor! But if you just feel dull and headachy, you may only be suffering from incomplete elimination. Here's how one simple change of diet can help you keep fit:

2. *Start now* to eat Kellogg's Bran Flakes *every* morning. If you want to keep feeling fit the *natural* way, get more of the "bulk" your system needs by eating delicious, gently-laxative Kellogg's Bran Flakes With Other Parts of Wheat.

3. *Just thirty days* should prove to you how grand it is to feel alert, to have the energy for all the *extra* things you'd like to do. You'll want to go *on* keeping fit the Kellogg way!



"Delicious Kellogg's Bran Flakes keep me feeling really *grand!* I wouldn't miss my morning bowlful for anything."



LOOK FOR the golden-yellow package. In two sizes. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

Keep fit with Kellogg's every day in the year!

Continued from page 53

ANTHONY found a log and sat down upon it. He sat there a long while listening dully to the woodland sounds about him. Finally he arose and made his way toward the river. In the distance he could see it, at some places running level with its banks, a foaming torrent yellow with gumbo. He remembered Woodley's expression, "drunk with her Sunday clothes on," and for the first time in hours a smile stole across his lips.

A bird flushed in front of him. He shot halfheartedly and only succeeded in winging it, watched it disappear somewhere in the tall grass along the river bank. He called the dogs, but they did not come, and he guessed they were on point somewhere. He hunted doggedly for the cripple by himself and couldn't locate it.

Turning, he walked toward where he had last seen Neil. He called and received no answer. All he could hear was the rushing thunder of the river behind him. Treacherous old Pinch River. The only whopping he'd ever given Phil had been for swimming to Pinch River when he'd been forbidden to.

Anthony called again, and again received no answer. He plowed doggedly through the underbrush. Once, years ago, he and Phil had become lost from each other in this same way. He remembered how they'd laughed and laughed when at last they had found each other.

He broke out of the brush and entered what amounted to a narrow avenue running through the trees. At the far end of the avenue, 60 yards away, Jonah stood on point, with Saul backing him. A dozen yards closer, with his back to Anthony, stood Neil.

Tom Anthony froze in his tracks, his eyes glued on the youngster, this youngster Joce had found in England and for some baffling reason of her own had married. In a moment he would witness another demonstration of Neil Kendrick's cold and heartless skill with a shotgun. But why didn't the boy move on in? Why did he just stand there?

Then Neil did move, past Saul, up past Jonah. He hesitated a long instant, then kicked in the brush. Anthony heard the thunder of wings and glimpsed the bird zooming straight up and then levelling off. It was an easy straightaway shot, but Neil did not move. Instead of flashing to his shoulder, the gun remained stationary in the crook of his arm. Motionless, Neil watched the bird sail out of sight, and then Anthony heard him say something to the dogs in an apologetic voice.

"Hello?" Anthony called. "Never expected to see you freeze up when a bird flushed. Buck fever?" The boy didn't answer, just stood there motionless while Anthony walked toward him.

"Look?" Anthony cried. "Saul's got another point. Take it, Neil."

"You take it, sir."

"No. Your bird, Neil."

The boy whipped around and strode toward Saul. Anthony followed cautiously. Ten feet from the dog Neil whirled.

"You take it, sir. I'm—I'm not shooting any more today."

"What?"

"I said I wasn't shooting any more today." Neal broke his gun, extracted the two shells, looked at them thoughtfully a moment, then dropped them into his pocket. "You ought to know! You were in that other war. Didn't you ever get sick of killing? Didn't you?"

"Certainly," Anthony told him. "But it was my job then. Neil."

Continued on page 56



"A Family Custom"

FRY'S COCOA



Before the children's bedtime, *Susie* always brings in a large jug of delicious FRY'S COCOA that Mother has just prepared. Then the whole family are all set to enjoy their evening cup of FRY'S. Young Frankie simply can't wait his turn . . . He loves the chocolaty flavour of FRY'S!

Make it *your* family custom to serve FRY'S each day in your home! FRY'S COCOA, made with milk, contains such wholesome nourishment and everybody enjoys its appetizing flavour.

THE QUICK, EASY WAY
to Make Delicious Fry's Cocoa

For each cup required, just put in a big one teaspoon of FRY'S and one of sugar . . . mix DRY . . . add enough cold milk to make a smooth paste . . . then fill up with hot milk . . . stir and SERVE!

A CUP OF FRY'S IS A CUP OF FOOD

Is it Etiquet for everyone to kiss the bride?



It's Etiquet for only the bridegroom, relatives, and close friends may kiss the bride — it's always etiquet to be daintily sweet. Avoid under-arm perspiration with Enquet Deodorant Cream. Use it faithfully . . . every day . . . *surely* before every date!

Etiquet DEODORANT CREAM 1-oz

It's Etiquet

that Stops Perspiration

Etiquet stops perspiration and odour 1 to 3 days. 24% more effective. So creamy soft, smooths on easily — vanishes at once. Protects precious clothes. Not irritating.

At toilet goods counters. Double size 5 oz. for 39c

P.S. *Men too should observe Etiquet!*

THE ANTISEPTIC DEODORANT CREAM



Once upon a time

. . . doctors and nurses had to work with antiseptics which were strong-smelling and poisonous and definitely dangerous in any but expert hands. Fortunately those days are gone. The modern antiseptic 'Dettol', though several times more deadly to germs than pure carbolic acid, is not poisonous. It is pleasant to use, it does not pain, it does not stain, and it is so safe that if necessary you could use it in the dark.

Continued from page 53

'It was my job too and I did it.'

"Is that all you have to tell me, Neil?" Anthony said. 'Couldn't you tell me why it was that you went hunting with me today when you didn't want to go?'

After a moment Neil said: "We talked it over, Jane and I, and I—well, in some ways I want to try and—and—"

"Take Phil's place with me?"

"That's it, sir."

'And you—well, you weren't ready to hunt again, and you didn't even tell June?' The boy nodded, and Anthony took a chance and said: 'I wish you'd tell me, Neil. I wish you'd think of it as—well as something I maybe deserve to know.'

The boy spoke with difficulty at first, then his voice picked up surely and the words tumbled over themselves.

'It happened that day in Caen. I'd seen men die before, but not—not like that. Still I could do that part all over again—because it was something that had to be done. I could squat there again and mow them down like flies. But today I couldn't kill a bird.'

'You did kill some.'

'No! No, sir, that was another man in my shoes today. It—it wasn't me, sir. That sounds crazy, doesn't it?' He gazed unseeingly past Anthony. "I told myself a bill of goods when you asked me to go hunting. I knew I wasn't ready. But I lied to myself and said it would be the same as it had always been. There'd be the excitement and the thrill and the satisfaction. Then, when that first covey flushed, I couldn't make myself hold on those birds. I fired two shots into the air.

"You see, I thought at first I could get by with that. You would think I was out of practice or else never had been much of a shot anyway. But I saw you getting suspicious and I knew I couldn't get by with it. So then I started knocking down as many of them as I could as fast as I could. If I could get that limit of 10, I wouldn't have to shoot any more. I set out to get it before I went crazy."

HIS grey eyes met Anthony's now, with the directness that Phil's eyes had always had.

'You broke my heart,' he said, "when you took Phil's gun away from me.'

"So you knew?"

"Certainly I knew."

"You could have saved us both," Anthony pointed out, 'if you'd told me in the beginning. I would have understood.'

'It's hard enough to tell you now! I couldn't tell June and I couldn't tell you. June was counting so much on me to—to see me up to you for—'

'I know.' Anthony broke in. He looked Neil up and down. Finally, with all the gentleness he could command, he said: "You still haven't told me all of it, son."

"Sir?"

"There was that last man at Caen," Anthony said. 'I don't know what he meant to you, but I do know from what you said yesterday, that he meant something terribly important."

"Yes," Neil said. "Yes! Look, sir, did you ever shoot a bird in the head and instead of falling straight he began to spin and spiral up and up and up until he was just a speck against the sky?'

"Plenty of times," Anthony told him. 'What happens, sir?'

"The bird spins up and up, as you said until he dies in the air. Then he falls straight back. You always know he's a dead bird long before he hits the ground.'

"Yes! At Caen these Germans ran around a corner. I had the gun set up behind some rubble. But I was short on ammunition. I made every shot count. They all crumpled—except this one man. And he came walking straight toward me. He had a rifle, but he didn't try to use it. He walked like a drunk, and the way he walked was exactly the way a bird spins up. I was out of ammunition then, but I had my knife, and I waited for him and I would have killed him with the knife."

Neil paused, caught his breath, and continued.

"But I didn't have to use the knife. He came staggering so and I waited. Then at my very feet he fell dead, the way a spinning bird falls out of the sky."

Anthony let his arm fall across the boy's shoulder and for a moment they stood shoulder to shoulder.

"Thanks, Neil, for telling me,' Anthony said at last. 'We'll go back now. But first we'll kick up the jungle of Saul's and then I want the dogs to find a cripple for me. I never did like to go off and leave a cripple. You can wait here if you like.'

"I'll—I'll go along with you, sir."

And I'll go along with you, Anthony thought—and meant vastly more than Neil had meant.

He walked up to Saul's point, kicked, and then stood still, watching the feathered arrow wing its way to safety. The dog Saul gave him a baffled, injured look and Anthony laughed at him.

"Saul is disgusted!" he remarked to Neil. "He always was a mighty critical kind of dog. Here, you old fool, get to this grass and find me that cripple. Dead, Saul! Jonah! Dead! Dead bird!"

But Saul and Jonah could not seem to scent the cripple in the high thick grass. Anthony waited a while then, with Neil following a step or two behind him, he skirted the jungle and made his way along the lip of the river bank. The bank was high here; still, the crest of the foaming yellow torrent was less than three feet below him. He shot an idle glance at the river and saw floating logs shoot by like torpedoes.

Afterward he supposed that he must have panicked. He felt the lip of the bank crumble and, instead of moving quickly but with caution, he hurled himself sidewise. Under the impact of this extra effort an entire section of the bank gave way.

With a last convulsive movement he flung himself to safety. But the gun—Phil's gun—flew out of his hands and disappeared in the murky, snarling waters of Pinch River. He came frantically to his feet and it was unbelievable that the thing he had cherished above all his other material possessions, the thing that more than anything else symbolized the relationship that had been his and Phil's, was gone forever.

Beside him Neil shrieked off his hunting coat. For a moment Anthony stared uncomprehendingly. Then he was shouting: "Neil! You'd be risking your life, Neil! It's only a gun. It's—it's just a gun."

"It's *Phil's* gun, isn't it?"

The boy gave him one clear, unclouded look and then ran past him. Twenty feet upstream he whirled, poised himself, and sprang. Briefly he was silhouetted against the yellow background of the river, then the torrent took him.

For seconds that spanned a thousand years of agony Anthony waited. Finally there was a terrific commotion and as suddenly as he had gone under, Neil broke water. He fought violently, desperately against the current and he was just an inch alone there. Anthony thought, as he had been on that street in Caen. But in one of his hands

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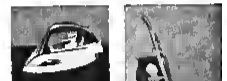
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Its four acres of manufacturing floor space are supplemented by complete engineering, research, testing, service and sales organizations, all assembled and co-ordinated under one roof . . . for the express purpose of turning out more and finer Westinghouse products than ever before.

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Add OXO FOR MORE GRAVY

What juicy, meaty gravy ...and lots of it... means to those meatless meals! OXO gives you beef at its best . . . gives vegetables an appetizing pick-up! Keep OXO handy.



OXO Prepared from PRIME, RICH BEEF

A quick trick to make all the gravy you want — use OXO cubes or fluid, stir it in and presto-o-o-o-h your gravy goodness!

Continued from page 56

Anthony glimpsed the shotgun barrels of Phil's shotgun.

He cried out then but his was too late. The log smashed into Neil and drove him under. He came up again, with blood streaming down his face. He shook his head like a groggy fighter, dodged another log, and renewed his dogged bid against the current.

Anthony flung himself down the bank to the water's edge, anchoring himself with one hand to a root. The other hand he stretched out over the water and finally felt Neil's fingers lock themselves with his. For a moment they clung to each other, then together they clawed their way up the bank.

Neil stumbled and fell flat and lay there, drawing in blessed gulps of air. Five minutes passed. Neil got to his feet. He was still groggy but his eyes met Anthony's warmly, proudly, and then over his face broke that smile which June in her letter had compared to Phil's. Just what was it June had said? Oh, yes, " . . . and the same way of smiling so suddenly that it takes your breath."

Tom Anthony shook hands with his son-in-law . . .

They were nearly at the farmhouse now. Anthony paused and Neil stopped beside him. For a long moment Anthony struggled for the words he wanted. Finally he said: "You'll hunt again, Neil. Just be patient. It will come back to you—like the heritage it is. All the old thrills, all the old satisfaction. I know. You see, it happened to me."

Dreamily he regarded the little 16-gauge, then he extended the gun, butt first, to Neil.

"Sir!"

"Take it," Anthony said. "It belongs to you now. It is your gun, Neil."

Side by side they walked to the house. Anthony found an excuse to linger outside while Neil went to find June. Presently he heard their voices, heard Neil telling June everything. He started to move out of earshot and stopped suddenly. Neil's voice had lifted with an excitement he could not control.

"He says I'll hunt again, June! And—he gave me Phil's gun. Look! Don't you understand? *He gave me Phil's gun!*"

June's answer reached Anthony clearly, like the chiming of a bell: "Yes, darling, I understand."

London Letter

Continued from page 14

I can buy an austerity suit—and what a suit—with 20 coupons. If I fancy myself a bit of a dog I can buy in addition a sleeveless pull-over with the other four. On the other hand I could decide on one pair of slacks, a suit of pyjamas, a shirt with two collars and a tie. Before the war I would rather have gone to the dentist than to my tailor, but without a single new suit in six years, I would now order the entire contents of my tailor's shop if I had the chance.

Fish Today—Again

But is not the body more than raiment? The question of food is ever with us. Now let us admit that in Britain we are fortunate compared to the unhappy, doomed people of Europe, but there are degrees in good fortune as well as in misfortune. A famous gourmet once said that the vulgarian eats to live, whereas the wise man lives to eat.

Here we eat to live. The word "steak" in any ears suggests the execution of Joan of Arc, not an item of diet. I have not seen a steak for at least a year. As for a mutton chop, it has become a legend. If, as they say, fish is good for the brain, then the mental powers of the British ought to be prodigious. Therefore if in these London Letters you notice a rising average of intelligence, do not give the credit to me. It belongs to the fishmonger.

The poor housewife lives in a perpetual queue, and, since woman remains what she is, she rather enjoys the gossip outside the greengrocer's if it is a fine morning. But not every morning in England is fine. Not quite.

The housewife queues up at the grocer's, the fishmonger's and the butcher's and also for 'fats' (the charming term by which butter, lard and margarine are known). She queues up for omnibuses, cinemas, railway trains, theatres and even restaurants if she wants a meal away from home. If she deals with a large store she queues up at each counter. Then she has to carry everything home because there are still no deliveries. Oh to be in England now that peace is there!

Believe it or not, people even queue up to buy evening newspapers. There is an egg queue but this is not very crowded because there aren't any eggs. What the British hen is doing is one of the minor mysteries of life.

Interruption. My wife, who is an ocean queuer, has been looking over my shoulder and tells me that yesterday she got three eggs. That's the worst of marriage. Wives always spoil their husband's best stories. Incidentally there are five of us in this house. Three extra five? It looks like fish for me.

But do not keep all your sympathy for women. Once upon a time the House of Commons was known as the best Club in Europe. Now the enormous Socialist majority is so assiduous in its attendance that we shall have to start queueing up for the members' dining room. Actually we do queue up to obtain tickets of admission for our constituents. That row of M.P.'s lined up beside the sergeant at arms (the keeper of the parliamentary box office) was brought upon us by the recent election.

Fortunately the British are practically inured to discomfort. Last night we had an Englishman and his wife to dinner (the fish was beautifully cooked), and afterward we played bridge in a room with an empty grate and a temperature slowly descending to freezing. After our guests had gone down three doubled the husband said: "Would you mind if we had the window open a bit? It's rather stuffy, don't you think?" What could we do as hosts? We opened the window and quite often there were as many as eight cards in dummy when the hand began. It really wasn't a gale but what manners call a fresh breeze.

So the purpose of this letter is to tell you to think kindly of us in the coming winter but not to shed too many tears. We shall survive. And perhaps when it is all over it may occur not only to the British but to mankind generally that the thing to do is to prevent wars not merely to win them.

The young person in the kitchen announces that luncheon is ready. I shall leave you now. Fish and the cook wait for no man.



YOU CAN BE AN ARTIST AT MAKING Pickles

DAY BY DAY MUSTARD PICKLE

1 gal. vinegar	½ oz. chillies or
2 oz. ginger root	½ tsp. red pepper
1 oz. whole allspice	½ cup salt
½ oz. whole cloves	6 cups brown sugar
2½ tbsp. turmeric	½ cup Mustard

Mix the Mustard and turmeric into a paste with some of the cold vinegar. To the remaining vinegar add salt, sugar and the other spices tied in cheesecloth and bring to a boil. Add the mustard and turmeric paste. Boil 15 minutes. Let cool and then pour into a large crock. Choose the vegetables you like best, cucumbers cauliflower, celery or any combination. Wash them, cut them up and soak them as required overnight in a light brine. Then add them to the mustard sauce. Keep the pickle crock covered with a plate or lid. Mustard gives these pickles a special tang!

Write: Rackitt & Colman (Canada) Limited, Station 'Z' Montreal for free leaflet containing 11 tested recipes and 24 gummed labels for your pickle jars.



KEEN'S MUSTARD



These throat lozenges act like a gargle! They contain hexylresorcinol a unique analgesic (pain-reliever) that *acts fast*. Quickly soothes irritated throat surfaces. Germicidal, too.

Candy pleasant flavor. Each lozenge separately wrapped. At your druggist!

'SUCRETS'

ANTISEPTIC THROAT LOZENGES

FALSE TEETH That Loosen Need Not Embarrass

Many wearers of false teeth have suffered real embarrassment because their plate dropped, slipped or wabbled at just the wrong time. Do not live in fear of this happening to you. Just sprinkle a little FASTEETH, the alkaline (non-acid) powder on your plates. Holds false teeth more firmly, so they feel more comfortable. Does not sour. Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEETH at any drug store.

FASTEETH

Japan in Defeat

Continued from page 7

embarrassing or sad position. In Japanese tragedies the hero often grins when facing the executioner. (Only the children gave natural vent to their emotions. To me they were the same as children the world over and gave an immediate reply to a wave of the hand or a smile.)

Did the Japanese expect reprisals on the civilian population by their conquerors? When the Allies first landed the population didn't know what to expect. The ignorant feared the Americans as would be brutal. On finding them otherwise they are doing their best to please and to be co-operative. (Lieutenant-General R. L. Eichelberger, commanding the occupying Eighth Army, told me it was difficult for American troops to be harsh with people who outwardly show no resentment, after an interference and show studied politeness and co-operation with every demand.)

Why would Japan be so easily led to war? Because of the average citizen's lack of knowledge of the outside world. He knew nothing of the power of the Western nations. He was content to go to war if the Emperor ordered it, and even despite full public knowledge of the atomic bomb he was quite prepared to continue if the Emperor instructed. Now he fails to understand the Emperor's order of surrender and the collapse of the national structure and war plan sponsored by the divine ruler." Only the educated business class realized the hopelessness of war against more powerful nations, the military party had fantastic dreams of their own power.

Would the Japanese fling harbor a spirit of revenge against the Allies? No, with the qualification that the farmers and the working class feel a sense of shame over letting the Emperor down and resent the presence of foreigners on their sacred soil. It will require time to educate away this idea. There's no feeling of revenge on the part of the formerly prosperous business class. They are glad the war is ended and are anxious to establish international trade again. They are eager to learn what industries will be permitted so that a start can be made. It is estimated that the silk industry alone will require a year to rebuild due to the lack of culture bushes for silk worms.

Is Japan prepared for a harsh peace and hard times for years to come? "Yes but we're hoping for the best." But as the Emperor has warned the nation of the worst, they are ready, with their accustomed fatalism, to accept a restricted form of living.

But what about the military caste? Their control didn't seem to have been badly shaken by recent developments, but much will be determined at the elections to be held in January. The two old-line political parties, Shiyu and Misei, controlled by the Mitsui and Mitsubishi companies respectively, have been defunct some years now. It is expected at least three parties will be organized for the election. One will be Labor and another is to be led by the former Minister of Education, H. A. Koyama, who has already opened party offices.

Do the people blame their soldiers and military leaders for the present chaos? No, the Army was only carrying out the divine mission of the Emperor, and it was an honor for the son of the family to be called by the Army to serve him. Rather people felt sorry for the soldiers in their humiliation.

Did the Japanese public know of the cruelty and tortures practised by the Japanese soldiers? For the most part the information was kept from the public, although there was little doubt

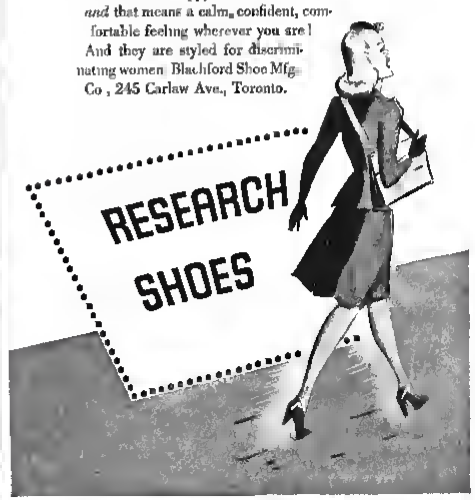


Miss Blane's Blushing

Darn! Who wouldn't? What's more elusive than the shoe you've kicked off under the table?

Research scientific lasts do away with shoe "hunting". These shoes are built right—where it's most important—on the *inside*. Your fifth toe, the one that gives you the most trouble in shoes, has ample room whether you're standing, walking or sitting. Natural support is given to every bone, muscle and nerve.

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2—IF YOU MEN want quick, slick shaves, try Personna Blades. Remember, a guy who's well-groomed...

3—HAS SELF-CONFIDENCE! And one thing I'm confident of is that Personna gives close, smooth shaves!

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Here's a SENSIBLE way to relieve Distress of 'periodic' FEMALE WEAKNESS

with its nervous tension weak, tired cranky feelings

● Have you at such times noticed yourself feeling nervous, "dragged out," irritable, a bit blue—due to functional periodic disturbances?

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Pinkham's Compound is what is known as a uterine sedative because it has a soothing effect on one of woman's most important organs.

Pinkham's Compound is made from wholesome roots and herbs (plus Vitamin B1). Here's a medicine that RELIES NATURE. Just see if you're not delighted with results! Follow label directions.

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BAD BREATH · COATED TONGUE · INDIGESTION · BILIOUSNESS · CONSTIPATION · SOUR STOMACH · SICK HEADACHE

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in my informant's mind that many horrors were committed. The cruelty of Japanese soldiers in China was known to some extent due to returned soldiers talking and boasting at home. There was not thought to be as much cruelty to the white races but it was admitted that the Japanese homeland might not know full details. Prisoners on the main Japanese Islands might have had better treatment than those in the outside areas; each camp depended largely on the humanity or otherwise of the local Japanese commander.

(In this connection, since talking to my informant I have received first hand accounts of the treatment of our Canadians in various camps. With very few exceptions all reported inhuman conditions and brutal treatment. The lowest possible scale of rations prevailed everywhere and there were frequent beatings and indignities. If anything, conditions were worst in prison camps on Japan proper. But conditions did vary according to the local commandant.)

How had the women of Japan fared? For them war was a sad business with many hardships. There were no pretty clothes the average woman now wears cheap cotton pantaloons, heel length and baggy at waist, instead of a silk kimono and sash. But war produced no move for their emancipation; both men and woman still consider women's place to be in the home. Unlike many Western countries Japan had as great lessening of moral restraints due to war excitement and restlessness. On the contrary, as urban centres matured due to the closing of amusements and the hard work required of the people. The number of official prostitution centres had decreased. Women with husbands at war or war widows were not permitted to go out with other men. The widows went to live with their husbands' parents and a strict code was observed.

It was admitted that the morals of troops away from home were bad. The Army had set up controlled brothels employing thousands of girls, many of them Korean and other foreigners.

If the god Emperor had abdicated during the peace negotiations (and there were rumors that he would), would the people have accepted a successor as divine? Yes, if the young Prince had been armed with a suitable regency. This would in no way have destroyed allegiance to the Emperor's divinity. The people were much happier that the present Emperor remained, however, as there was much personal sympathy for him due to the many problems and hardships they first has has faced in his life. His peaceful hobbies and studies — biology and zoology—have a strong appeal to the common man and place him above the political plane.

So much for what the average Japanese thinks about the "regrettable accident." What about his physical state? What about food, shelter and clothing?

The one factor that stands out above all else is the poverty being endured by the average citizen. The diet in many Japanese homes is little above the rations of our troops in prison camps. The clothing ration per person is ludicrous. For several days I tried to get my laundry done, even offering to supply my own soap, but the people have an coal or other means of heating water. Economically they are a completely reduced nation and it's hard to understand how they kept in the war so long.

Prince Tokugawa, senior prince and president of the Japanese Parliament, whom I had known in Ottawa when he was a

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Minister in Canada, told me that the country's greatest problem in the next few years would be housing, feeding and employing her people. Apart from the millions of soldiers due for immediate demobilization in Japan itself, there are millions more who will return from China and from other more remote parts of the now lost wartime empire. There are also 10 million factory employees in war production now out of work. There is insufficient food in the country even to feed the present population, and millions are without homes.

On an airplane flight over Tokyo I was able to appreciate the extent of the housing problem. The estimate of 70% destruction of the city was not an exaggeration. In fairly burnt patches it was possible to count as many as 30 or more consecutive city blocks where not a house was standing. It was not a question of gutted buildings which could be patched, but of areas completely levelled. I am told that less than two million people now inhabit this city which before the war had nearly eight millions. Bomb deaths in Tokyo alone are estimated at 200,000.

Possibly the most hopeful feature of the whole picture was the sudden freedom of expression granted to politicians and newspapers. For example, the leading editorial in the Nippon Times the day after the surrender said, "Nothing illustrates better the revolutionary change which has come over the political atmosphere in Japan than the opinions expressed by Prince Narushiko in his first press interview since his assumption of the post of Prime Minister. Had these views been expressed three weeks ago they would have been condemned as heresy and would have called for dire punishment."

I have spent several hours checking over current articles in such papers as the Nippon Times and Mainichi, which provide an excellent key to current public feeling. The papers now openly charge that the authorities were at fault for the defeat and internal rot. Military and Government officials are accused of flagrant black market dealings.

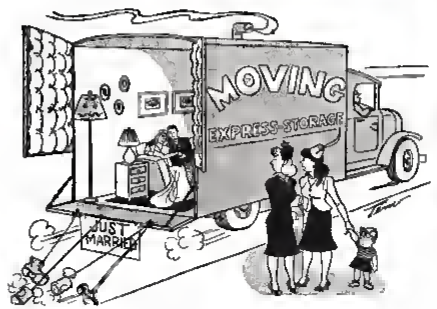
Mainichi claims it is essential that some immediate guarantee of minimum living be given the people through strict rationing as the only means to offset immediately the national shock of mass unemployment and the housing shortage. Complete renovation of present controls over production collection and distribution is demanded.

Will Japan ever again welcome missionaries from the people who conquered her? Perhaps a recent statement in Asahi by Tamon Maeda, Minister of Education, is a fair answer. In view of the freedom of religion clause in the Potsdam Declaration, he looks for a religious revival, not only of the ancient creeds of Buddhism and Shintoism, but also of Christianity. "The old religions and the new each have their respective positions, and the authorities will respect all creeds," he said. He pointed out that all Japanese have had to suffer and are poor and if the missions have the idea that this is the time to "straighten out the hellenese character of the Japanese or to save the Japanese barbarians" it will only stir up trouble and reverse the role of religion as a factor in adjusting international relations.

"If a person with Bible in hand comes to scold and shout at the people they are not likely to listen." Rather than see sudden militant activity by foreign missions, he hopes the church workers will come with helping hands. He said that religious denominations friendly to Japan will be welcomed, especially the Quakers, who go ahead with their own work in times of distress regardless of their own sacrifices.

As for education, all unbombed schools reopened Sept. 1, but even half the primary schools have been destroyed, 400 of the secondary schools bombed out and 270 of 400 national schools destroyed. Drastic changes have been made in the school curriculum and periods of study have been restricted so that students can be employed repairing roads and growing food. One considerable problem is that hundreds of thousands of children were moved away from their school districts due to the bombing and reorganization will take a long time. Plans are in hand to place thousands of young Japanese now in the Army back to schools.

Originally my personal view was that the Allies made a mistake in allowing the Emperor to remain, but even with the short time I had for studying the situation at first hand, I am now convinced the Allies did the smart thing. As an Allied mouthpiece, the Emperor is undoubtedly our only chance of obtaining co-operation, obedience and national sanity in this country which in all aspects of national life has been held together by a shoestring this past year of war. The Emperor has been the last binding the ends together and the only last capable of holding during the difficulties that lie ahead.



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Crisis in the Kitchen

Continued from page 10

designed to lure girls into home employment by promising them the dignity of factory or shop work and earnings to match. They'll not even be called servants, they'll be "Home Aides." As this was being written, Miss Mary Eadie, supervisor of the Western Division of the NES in Toronto, was putting the finishing touches to the plan, which draws on the Youth Commission report and has the co-operation of the Local Council of Women.

Here's how it will work.

The Home Aide's day is broken into three shifts of four hours each, and the girls registered as Home Aides can choose to work what shifts they prefer at rates of pay which still were subject to confirmation by the Government at the time of writing.

The morning shift, for instance, will be from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. and the Home Aide will get 40 cents an hour, plus one meal.

The afternoon shift will be from 3:30 p.m. to 7:30 and will be worth 45 cents an hour, plus a meal. The scale is a little higher because it is assumed that preparation of dinner will be included in this period.

The evening shift will be from 7:30 to midnight on a pay scale of 50 to 60 cents an hour. The Home Aide's duties would be chiefly those of a sitter.

Says Miss Eadie: "We have worked it out that the financial return to a girl who works eight hours a day on these household shifts will be appreciatively the same as for wartime factory or ordinary clerical labor."

"We're going to try and get long-term contracts from housewives wanting to employ Home Aides," Miss Eadie said. Mrs. Jones, for instance, can book a Home Aide for three mornings a week. Mrs. Brown can book her for three more. Mrs. Smith can ask for one every afternoon, and Mrs. MacPherson can get a Home Aide as a sitter every Friday night. One girl will find full employment—and the needs of four housewives can be met—through a proper booking arrangement of this sort.

"Later, if the plan works, we hope to give the girls special uniforms and distinctive badges which they'll be proud to wear."

In the meantime the only thing that keeps maids in the market at all is the housing shortage. It is next to impossible to hire a maid and get just one soul added to your household. Nowadays it means keeping a husband as well, as a child, or a couple. One family I know actually had a woman with five children and with their own three it meant there were no less than 16 feet stampeding up and down the stairs and 16 little hands mauling everything in the house. Once living space spreads out a little even those possibilities will evaporate. And when you consider what it is necessary to pay a completely untrained housework er it is to shudder to contemplate what the full time "professionals" will charge.

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Hovels for Heroes

Continued from page 6

officials about being asked for "sale" of furniture, hatchkey, or other such device—it's against the law, of course, but the boys can't prosecute, they've no witnesses. They go or with their wives to look a place over, find the rent reasonable, start out saying "I'll take it." Landlord beckons the man to stay behind while the wife goes out, then says "It'll be $500 (or $100 or $800) for the furniture."

"But there isn't any furniture" the veteran says.

"Never mind, there's a charge of $500 for furniture.'

"Will you give me a receipt?"

"No, I won't even talk about it before a witness, and you'll pay cash no cheques. Take it or leave it."

In this case the boy took it—he had the money, his war service gratuity, and he needed a place to live. He can't prove anything against the landlord. Another lad paid $500 for his hatchkey, having started bidding at $50 and been forced on up.

An airman's parents and three young brothers and sisters lived in two east-end rooms, paying $5 a week for each room. When the airman came back from overseas the landlord let them have a room or the basement for another $5 a week—rent for three poor rooms now ran to $60 a month. When the Montreal Gazette published this story the rent control people went up and cut the rent to $28. But the family still couldn't find a decent place to live.

How did we get into this mess? And what are we doing to get out of it?

One way we got into it was by not building enough houses for 15 years. The 1938 census showed 25% to 40% of people in Canadian cities to be living in overcrowded dwellings.

A special parliamentary committee of 1938 reported that "a national emergency will soon develop unless the building of dwellings is greatly increased. There is no apparent prospect of the low rental housing need being met through unaided private enterprise building for profit."

The Dominion Housing Act, 1935, gave some impetus to home-ownership building but made no provision for low-rental homes. The National Housing Act, which replaced it in 1938, does contain sections devoted to low-rental schemes, but the Curtis committee reported last year that these sections (parts II and III of the NHA) "were never brought into operation to any city." So the building of low-rental houses remained virtually nil, and even total building was pitifully small.

England between 1933 and 1938 built nearly two million houses, Canada 126,000. Allowing for the difference in population, this means the English built nearly four times as many houses for their people as we did. Which helps to explain one veteran's remark.

"My brother-in-law married a girl over in England. When he first got back he was trying to get her out here with him but now he's applying to go back to England with her. Says that teaching or no teaching he can find a better place to live there than here."

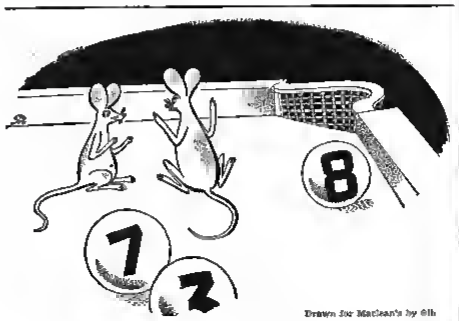
War, of course, put an end to building on any but the smallest scale. There were no materials, no labor to spare. Also it is fair to remember was concentrated everybody's attention, and particularly the attention of the Government, on other things than housing. Wartime Housing Limited put up temporary dwellings for war-workers and let them at fairly low rental. Almost all private building was done for sale—without price ceiling—or for fairly high rent.

While war was preventing a normal expansion of building, it was greatly increasing the demand for homes. More people were earning more money; families who had formerly shared their quarters were now able to afford separate dwellings. The marriage rate increased sharply and the marriage age came down. So war's end found an abnormally large demand for an abnormally small supply of houses.

War ended suddenly, too, it might be urged in defence of the nation's unreadiness. But this argument has less force—veterans' housing became an acute problem with the end of war in Europe, and that was anything but sudden. A full year ago and more the Government rather expected Hitler to cave in before Christmas, and the final collapse was foreseen for weeks, even months. It was obvious we'd need thousands of homes this fall.

There were two bodies of opinion among Government officials. The National Housing Administration, under the Finance Department wanted to bring private enterprise into the low rental housing field on a large scale. Reconstruction Department men inclined to favor publicly owned dwellings, built by their Wartime Housing Limited. This was also the view of the two national Labor organizations. No matter which was right, either could have got some cheap houses built and rented if it had been able to start soon enough.

Neither did get started until mid-summer. It was July before Finance



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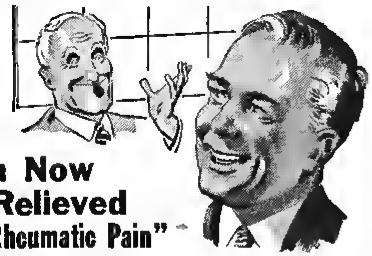
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Dodd's Kidney Pills

Minister Ilsley gave his now famous pep talk to the life insurance executives, persuaded them to organize for low-rental building, and later altered the National Housing Act to meet their objections. It was July, too, when the Cabinet gave a green light to Wartime Housing Limited having decided that no matter how fast the insurance companies moved they could hardly be ready to start building this year. And by unhappy coincidence it was also in July that the National Housing Administration, through Mr. Ilsley, announced a new scheme for aiding large-scale projects of building houses for sale to veterans—a scheme that offered priorities on material and a guarantee against loss to all builders who would accept a price ceiling and sell to veterans only.

The coincidence was unhappy because, of course, there wasn't enough material to go round. Wartime Housing Limited, which had been building less than 3,000 dwellings, now had orders to build 10,000 more.

Whether Wartime Housing can build 10,000 or even 7,000 homes is still to doubt—officials of Ottawa are hopeful but the men actually on the job are gloomy and say materials are pretty hard to get. But one thing is certain if Wartime Housing does come anywhere near its goal it will use practically all the available material. There'll be none left for housing-for-sale projects. NHA's priority won't be worth much if the real top priority is to be housing-for-rent—which it is.

As a result some builders, who had organized rapidly into groups for large-scale projects when the NHA plan was announced, were disappointed and embittered. Loud protest came, too, from supply people, especially lumber dealers and plumbers. The Canadian Lumbermen's Association, in September, accused Wartime Housing of "stealing" material from private builders, who if let alone, they said, could put up all the houses the country needed. Complaints were heard that half-finished jobs were stopped for lack of material because Wartime Housing priorities took it away.

Who's Right?

It's extremely difficult to tell who is right in this argument. Figures are scanty on either side, and they get out of date very fast. There seems to be no question that many houses have been delayed for lack of labor and material—Maclean's Vancouver correspondent reported 1,700 such holdups there during the summer, and Clarence Gillis, M.P. for Cape Breton South, says there were a great many in Nova Scotia, some of them being put up by veterans for their own use. On this latter point, though, priority officials say very emphatically that they have got building materials for every veteran, so far, who has appealed to them.

As for the general question of delays they admit that a good many have taken place since Wartime Housing started its big program about the middle of July. But, they point out, Wartime Housing was expanded only because the private builders were not supplying any houses for cheap rental, and it's cheap rental housing that the veteran needs. They claim that *before* the expansion of July few serious delays occurred.

The distinction between rental and sale is very important. War Veterans aren't rich, and only a few of them know where their permanent post-time job is to be. They need places to rent, at reasonable rates, not to buy.

And even for those who do want to buy, there's no price ceiling on houses. That's one of the things that worry the Veterans Affairs Department. They've already paid out $13½ million in credits for house building. Counting what the veteran has to put up of his own money and figuring the average down payment at 10%, this means something like $20 millions as the total commitment these boys have undertaken.

They've made this investment at a time when house prices are greatly inflated. Federal agencies who had to do with housing in peacetime used to get tenders for home building that ran around 28 cents a cubic foot of house space. Nowadays tenders are between 35 and 45 cents a cubic foot.

Veterans Affairs people figure that a $6,000 house, pre-war price, is costing the veteran around $7,500 now. They point out that on many cases the veteran a gratuity and credit are amply wiped out—they point to less than the difference between what the home costs today and what it used to cost.

On the other hand, though some Government people agree with certain of the complaints against Wartime Housing. They say it often does a high cost job, in spite of its wholesale methods of operation. Thus, they explain, is because Wartime Housing tends to let its contracts to big firms, which often have had no experience in building houses. Smaller firms with more know-how in this field, they say, are passed over.

Why Not Permanent Homes?

Also, there's a strong feeling in Ottawa—particularly on the NHA side—that if the Government was going to go in for house building, it should have done it properly, built good model houses of permanent worth. These temporary dwellings of Wartime Housing Limited they say, are a half baked way of tackling the job.

Certainly anyone can see at a glance that Wartime Housing homes are not ideal. But the same glance will show that all the land lunants over "potential slums" aren't justified either.

There is a typical Wartime Housing colony on the outskirts of Hull, across the river from Ottawa. Now the squalor of Hull has to be seen to be believed, and even then the poster-boy doesn't see the worst of it. Lately the Hull police department inspected 75 buildings, in which 112 dwelling units housed 123 families, and classified as of the 75 as habitable. Only 13 of the dwellings had indoor toilets, 38 had outdoor toilets, and 24—believe it or not—had none at all of any description. They used pails.

After you pass through this elegant region the Wartime Housing colony on the edge of town looks like a garden city—clean, trig little houses with lawns front and back, where children have room to play in the sun. The young wives who live in these say they're all right, too—except for the "furnace in the parlor" a feature that infuriates them all beyond measure. But there's more room than you'd think inside those little white boxes. The bigger ones will take a family of three or four children without crowding, and they're warm and snug and airy. What they'll be like in 10 years' time is something else again, but they'll never be as bad as the typical Hull dwelling or the "emergency shelter" in Ottawa.

Anyway, for better or worse, Wartime Housing is building them—the thing is done, the decision made. They're putting up 1,400 in Vancouver, 600 to 1,000 in Toronto, 600 in Winnipeg, 300 in Montreal, 250 in Halifax, and so on. Altogether, at this writing, a total of 5,700 units have been approved and in most of these construction has begun.

They're hoping to finish them this year, if possible before snow flies. Men on the job are more dubious about this than the planners at Ottawa, it's true—but any way you take it we're going to have a big building year, maybe the biggest ever. The original mark of 35,000 homes before winter, this year, is likely to be exceeded, counting the private jobs, Veterans' Land Act contracts and Wartime Housing. Even if they fall away short of their aims for this fall they'll certainly finish most of them in the spring. There's even hope of reaching the announced goal of 50,000 new dwelling units by the first anniversary of V-E Day.

Billeting No Answer

But none of this, whether it go well or ill, solves the veteran's housing problem now. A house next spring is no help to a man who's home this fall—what's he to do for the winter? To that question our building program has no answer.

The Army recently questioned 17,000 repatriates on their housing prospects. Only 7,000 had nothing to worry about. They could go back to their parents or to the homes their wives had managed to make in during the war. But the remaining 10,000 had no permanent arrangements. A few of them would be able to go to temporary quarters but most of them had literally nowhere to go.

There have been public suggestions, and some official discussion, of requisitioning billeting of the homeless on those who have empty rooms in their houses. It was found, however, that there is not anything like as much vacant residential space as some people had supposed and it was decided that it would not be worth the trouble.

Not only welfare workers and Canadian Legion people but Government officials, all are unanimous in seeing only one solution for the immediate future: Conversion of Army and RCAF buildings into temporary living quarters.

Some of this has already been done, of course. Regina is making 13 apartment suites out of an RCAF research building. Edmonton has hauled 300 huts down from Dawson Creek where they had sheltered Alaska Highway workers. Toronto is making homes out of "Little Norway," the Norwegian fliers' training school. Other similar jobs are going forward day by day.

Others are not going forward, and these include a number of the most suitable buildings. In Vancouver they've been talking for months about taking the old Hotel Vancouver bank from the Army. City council clamored to have it, Army tried to move but couldn't buy a suitable site from the Province. Army offered to, and did, lease two floors of the hotel and offered them to the City, but they were refused. Meanwhile a building that could house a good many childless couples or single men is going to waste.

In Ottawa Army offices have been taking up one of the biggest apartment blocks in town. It has over 100 suites, which lack only plumbing and kitchen equipment to become Grade A living quarters. But as the Army moved out in mid-September civilian offices moved in—including ironically enough, part of the Department of Veterans Affairs and the Emergency Shelter Administrator.

Meanwhile bitterness is growing. Everywhere you find officials in the field welfare workers and such, saying: "Don't quote me, but I think the boys are going to tear the Bif right off if this situation goes on much longer. And—don't quote me—I can't say I blame them."

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Quick Relief — No Cooking. — Easy!

If you've never tried mixing your own cough medicine you've missed a lot. It's no trouble—needs no cooking—and gives you about four times as much cough syrup for your money. You'll say it is splendid for coughs due to colds. And here's how it is done—

Make a plain syrup by stirring 2 cups of granulated sugar and one cup of water a few moments, until it is dissolved. Do you can use clear syrup or liquid honey instead of sugar syrup.

Get 2½ ounces of Pinex from your druggist. Put this into a 16 oz. bottle and fill up with your syrup. Thus you make 16 ounces—a family supply. It tastes fine and never spoils. Children love it.

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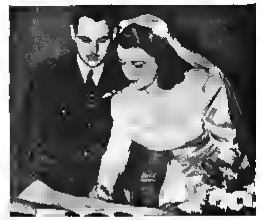
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1 **Lucky Dog** has his day, as Beauty lends a hand at the Humane Society Amative Day Nursery and Canteen worker, "Nancy" keeps things humming on the home front!

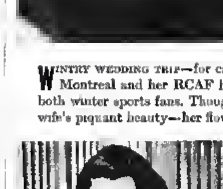


2. **For the Record,** Hugh watches as his lovely bride signs the Church Register on their wedding day . . making it official for another glamorous deb who treasures her beauty with Woodbury!

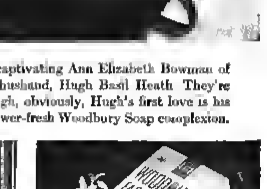
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4. **For Romance**—to a lovelier complexion, use the soap that's *made* for the skin *alone*. Try Woodbury Facial Soap—made in cake form only, with a costly ingredient for mildness.

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ABSORBINE Jr.

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 15

well known, has most unpopular days are still ahead of him. Now the clamor rises for tax relief, for higher wages, higher prices, higher rents and so on. Ilsley heads the bold that line faction in the Government. His will be the role of Scrooge, the man who will have to fight for high taxes and static wages and prices. If he comes through that as popular as he is now, he'll be miraculously lucky.

Also, some people who know him well think Mr Ilsley is better qualified for his present job than for the prime-ministership. He has remarkable talent for administration but little for compromise—he's the type who digs in and fights for his point of view, rather than the arbitor of other men's differences. And in Canada, leadership seems to mean compromise.

They say that if Mr King could choose his own successor he would choose Hon. Louis St. Laurent, Minister of Justice and successor to Lapointe as the Liberal leader in Quebec. No one in Parliament enjoys a higher respect from all Parties than Mr St. Laurent. He is a man of broad culture, very keen intelligence, and above all, transparent and palpable honesty.

But the defect of this last named quality is that he is not a good politician. Mr St. Laurent always speaks his mind bluntly, seldom reflects how it might sound if twisted a little. Also, as a lawyer he tends to plead one side of a case with great vigor. Result is that he often sounds like a Bourassa nationalist to Ontario, and like a Tory imperialist to Quebec, in his attempts to explain the viewpoint of each to the other.

Many people here think that if the Parliament runs anything like its full course the next Liberal leader may come out from the minor group in the present Cabinet but from among the younger men, still relatively unknown to the general public. There are half a dozen such in the present Cabinet—Brooke Claxton, Paul Martin, Lionel Chevrier, Frank Bridges—but the betting just now seems to favor Hon. Douglas Abbott, the new Minister of National Defense.

Mr Abbott is about 46 or 47, barely old enough to be a veteran of the last war (he was a gunner) and young enough to remember what it was like in the ranks. One of the ablest men in the present Parliament, he is also one of the most popular—partly because of his knack of expressing and sticking to an opinion without offending anybody. It makes him a pleasant man to argue with, not because you win but because you come away feeling good.

In his quiet and unassuming way Mr Abbott has done a series of amazingly good jobs during his brief public life. As parliamentary assistant to Mr Ilsley he took a great deal of the load that was sinking the Finance Minister two years ago—took it so well that Mr Ilsley could go away to California for a sorely needed rest and find everything in apple-pie order when he got back. Then last winter, with about 16 days' notice, he took the Defence estimates into the House, argued the Government's case over reinforcements, and came out with a whole skin.

If he does as well in National Defence as he has in his other jobs, those who are betting on him as next Liberal leader may soon have to give odds to get their money down.

Cross Country

Continued from page 14

"Growth of the rosefish industry," says Director D. L. Cooper, "has definite possibilities for the province."

* * *

When Nova Scotia goes to the polls, Premier Macdonald, who returned to his post after five years as Minister of National Defense for Naval Affairs, will lead a strong Liberal task force into the battle. Party standing at the dissolution of the House was Liberals, 21; Progressive Conservative, 4; CCF, 3; with 2 seats vacant.

Taking of the soldier vote isn't expected to present the problem it did during this year's Federal election, when 10,000 servicemen voted outside their province. Still overseas are 4,000, and these will vote by proxy.

* * *

The deepest hole in the world has reached bottom at 14,895 feet after nearly two years of drilling, and a number of P.E.I. landowners who'd hoped for an oil boom have jettisoned their dreams of wealth down the shaft.

On the strength of reports from an earlier drilling co Governor Alasdair, the "three mile hole" was begun on Thanksgiving Day, 1943, on a manmade island of logs, rocks and concrete in Hillsboro Bay, near Charlottetown. Interest—continent-wide at first, waned as months grew to years. One day this fall Otisse Service Company and Society Vacuum Oil Company Inc. began dismantling their equipment, writing finish to an experiment believed unique to the petroleum industry's records.

Quebec

Rural schoolteachers of Quebec, who at one time were paid as little as $100 to $150 a year, are due for a raise. As the result of an acute teacher shortage, plus months of arbitration, they hope soon to be receiving uniform salary rates ranging from $600 to $900 annually.

In most counties the new rates have now been accepted.

* * *

It was no news to thirsty Quebeckers that you couldn't get imported Scotch at the Quebec Liquor Commission stores. Day after day the signs outside the QLC shops read, "DRY GIN AND RUM."

But it was news when ex-Premier Adelard Godbout came up with a blast at the Duplessis Government, which purported to show why there was no Scotch. Qnabec, blazed Mr Godbout, lost the chance to buy 1 000 dozen bottles of the real stuff when a Glasgow firm had refused to hike the price 14 shillings a dozen and rebate the increase to the war chest of Premier Duplessis Union Nationale party. The Opposition leader produced documents to support his charges. One of them a letter from Whyte and Mackay Ltd., Glasgow liquor merchants, said bluntly that "we decline to work for the party fund." Other provinces were getting Scotch from overseas why wasn't Qnabec, asked Mr Godbout?

An old hand at catching political bombshells and tossing them back before they explode, Premier Duplessis replied by saying that he would welcome a complete investigation of the QLC, dating back to the day when it was founded during the long lived Taschereau Liberal regime.

* * *

Frank Rupniak unhinged yet another oyster in one of Montreal's bivalve bars a while ago and the thing had been dreaming of for years happened. Into his head popped a pearl.

The customers were bellering for more oysters, so Frank dropped his prize into his pocket and got on with his job. Later he showed it to a newspaperman, who with suspicious alacrity offered him $2 for it.

Frank decided to hang on. Next morning he visited a pearl appraiser, who promptly jolted him back on his heels by telling him the pearl was worth $800. Not quite able to believe it, Frank consulted several other jewellers, all of whom quoted the same price.

With $500 in his jeans, Frank went back to his job. Nothing like that had happened to him before and he isn't expecting it to happen again. Still, he's keeping his eyes peeled as he plies his oyster knife.

Ontario

There's a danger that many of Ontario's bush pilots may be snatched from the northern skyways they helped pioneer. The Government plans to tighten medical standards for commercial flying—there's talk of more electrocardiograms and stricter eye tests—and the old-timers, who learned to fly by the seat of their pants, are worried.

* * *

Few of them found much comfort in the words of Stewart Graham, Assistant Director of Civil Aviation for the Department of Transport, when he said, "Certain allowances may be made by the Department in the case of the fellows up North." For years they've carried the burden of Canada's aviation progress . . . Flying conditions in the bush differ from those around an air terminal!

By way of protest against any measures which might ground them, they point to many famous pilots, including Jimmy Doolittle (aged 66) and the famous "Pop" Cleveland, who at 82 is the oldest transport pilot in the U. S. Also, they demand loudly that their flying records be given consideration before any decision to "wash them out."

Dwellers in the North Country, who know the job the bush pilots have done, are behind them to a man.

* * *

By the time Ontario's V-J Day glow was fading, residents began to realize they were in the midst of something uncomfortably like a crime wave. Holdups and robberies were numerous enough to become almost commonplace, and there was a daunting incidence of murder.

Reasons differed as to the cause. Some officials said the outbreak of crime marked the spawning in a natural cycle which just happened to coincide with war's end. But others pointed out that most of the criminals caught were youths who had managed to evade both the draft and selective service. As long as their parents worked in war plants they'd been getting plenty of pocket money. Now, however, the dollars were getting scarcer as shutdowns and layoffs tightened the parental purse strings.

For a discouraging number of youths the answer seemed to be a gun. Even more discouraging, these amateurs in crime were showing themselves much less reluctant to pull a trigger than the cagey professionals of the underworld.

* * *

Three hundred war veterans returned to Hamilton recently, and though they received small bus clothing allowances, mustering-out pay and gratuities, they were quite unconcerned. They were



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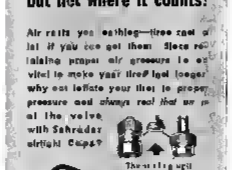
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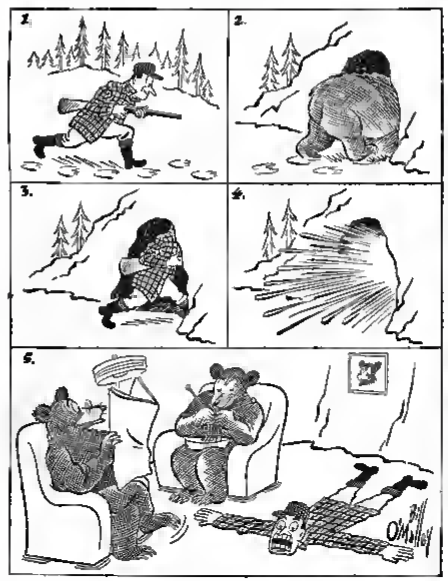
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homing pigeons from Hamilton and district lofts

David Fleming, secretary of Hamilton and District Pigeon Club said the war birds were credited with saving many lives They were mostly used by Atlantic and Pacific patrol plane crews, who released the homers with messages when their ships were forced down at sea

The Prairies

Homeowners on Springside Drive in the St Vital suburb of Winnipeg wanted a cement sidewalk, so they decided to build one themselves Their Council approved the venture heartily, loaned them municipal shovels and tools and had its surveyor stake out the sidewalk line. After that they were on their own

Through late summer and early fall the householders, most of them office workers, laid timber frames and filled in with gravel and cement "Gangs" varied in size from six to 15, depending on social engagements or the demands of the home garden Open season was declared on small boys who yearned to leave their tracks on each newly laid strip.

When the Springsiders finished the job they had 240 feet of excellent sidewalk at a cost of $28 in materials for each lot on the street. Not put into this figure was an additional "unit outlay" of $4 spent for refreshments to celebrate the completion of each lot frontage.

* * *

Lacking the colorful leadership it enjoys in Saskatchewan, Manitoba's CCF isn't expected to score a victory in the provincial election. At the same time it can count on being the largest opposition group in a reshuffled House. CCF strength is concentrated most heavily in northern Manitoba, with a few constituents planted on good fighting ground elsewhere in the province

The Coalition Government's top asset is Premier Garson himself His friends maintain he could have gone to the Dominion Cabinet, if he'd been so minded, but that he declined to leave Manitoba while the question of a new financial deal between Ottawa and the provinces remains unsettled

Since Manitoba has been number one crusader in the drive for tax reform, that's the basic issue of the election

* * *

Officials of Saskatchewan's Natural Resources Department have been reminded that they may have a source of atomic energy in their province. Small deposits of pitchblende, from which uranium is obtained, were discovered five miles east of Goldfields in northern Saskatchewan 10 years ago.

Although the ore was present only in small quantity, there were indications that heftier deposits might be located in the same general area. This fall geophysicists of a Dominion geological survey party are nosing around near Goldfields, and the natural resources people are waiting in something of a twitter for their report.

* * *

Saskatchewan Indians view the return of the beaver colonies to the Qu'Appelle Valley, in the central province, as a sign that the long period of intermittent drought is at last over.

The first beaver in 50 years have started an engineering project near Fort Qu'Appelle The dot tails are energetically throwing mud-and-popple dams across streams emptying into the valley.

* * *

Wild mustard and stinkweed, long a nemesis for the Western farmer, are now helping put a little ready cash in his pockets. Collection agencies have been established at several points in southern Alberta, at which farmers may turn in weed seed recovered in threshing and collect $7 to $10 a ton

Mustard and stinkweed seed is sought by vegetable-oil producing plants in California and a ready market is assured for the Alberta crop Farmers have been advised to set the cutting bar of combine or binder lower than is customary, in order to recover the greatest amount of seed and at the same time clear the weeds.

* * *

While much of Canada faces a chilly winter, Alberta has too much coal. Production is running 500,000 tons ahead of last year and according to John Crawford, Chief Inspector of Mines, the miners have been working on short time because there is no adequate outlet for their product.

British Columbia

Nearly 50,000 specific postwar jobs are available in British Columbia declare officials of National Employment Service and representatives of trade-unions and the mining industry. But more than half these jobs are away from the cities and workers discharged from war plants are showing scant inclination to go rural

NES has more than 1d,000 applications for help on its books The gold mining industry, static since 1940 can use 5,000 men At least 26,000 are wanted on the farms, and logging camps have jobs for several thousand

In 1939 there were 101,000 persons gainfully employed in B. C. By June last the figure had boomed to 165,556. Turnover from war work to peacetime activities will directly or indirectly affect at least one third of these.

Readjustment on the coast, labor officials feel is going to be a complex and difficult proposition

* * *

The CCF and Premier John Hart's Liberal - Conservative coalition are fighting it out in every constituency for the control of the next British Columbia Government The left-wingers, stronger in B.C. than in any province but Saskatchewan, count among their advantages the reconversion layoffs and the British Labor victory. The fusionists are making the most of their record of four years of nonpartisan government, and are pointing to their future plans in social service, education, and rural electrification. They are also trying to capitalize on what is described as the pro-Japanese attitude of the CCF

There have been few fireworks Harold Winch, CCF leader, charged that two Vancouver companies offered him $65,000 for election purposes When he turned it down, he said they asked him what he wanted for himself He did not name the firms

There will be about 20 women candidates, from all Parties. T. D. Pattullo, former Liberal premier, is running as an Independent in Prince Rupert.

* * *

British Columbia, a man's province in the past, is slowly but steadily losing its preponderance of males. A hundred years ago a white woman was a rarity in the territory which is now B. C., and the census of 1911 showed that of a total population of 392,480, only slightly more than a third were females.

Thirty years later, with population 820,000, girls and women totalled 382,830. Birth and death rates since 1941 have further reduced the male lead, and the influx of girl warworkers from inland provinces brought it still lower



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STRANGE OATHS

By PAUL GORMLEY

CHARLIE, a Chinese, was already in the witness stand and, as far as his immobile features would indicate he was nervous. But the Oriental was not nearly as nervous as the dignified court officials seemed to be. There was a tremendous shuffling of papers and books going on in the courtroom while the presiding Justice of the Supreme Court of Ontario did his utmost to retain the decorum of the Bench.

Cause of this performance was the sudden realization that Charlie had to be sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and that a person not of Christian faith could not take the customary court oath. So the officials had begun to dig furiously through reams of papers, criminal codes, official books and pamphlets, in an effort to find the type of oath they could administer to Charlie. They asked him volleys of questions: "Where did he come from? Where was he born? What part of China? What form of oath did he recognize?"

The result was that Charlie became more and more confused, and so did the court officials, until, quite unexpectedly, one of them asked the key question.

"What faith do you follow?"

Charlie said, "Presbyterian!"

Nobody had even thought he might be a Christian Chinese So the usual oath was given and the court, considerably deflated in dignity, carried on.

In courtrooms there is always the drama of life being unfolded, curtained to a high degree by the dignity and state of His Majesty's Bench but nevertheless there The matter of oaths is a mighty important item since a witness who slips in a misstatement is liable to a charge of perjury, in places and under certain circumstances punishable by life imprisonment The form of oath varies too, so in Charlie's case the confusion of the men of the court was understandable

There are several kinds of oaths that can be administered to a non Christian Chinese In one, the witness kneels down and breaks a china saucer against the side of the witness box. The clerk addresses him like this:

"You shall tell the truth and the whole truth, the saucer is cracked and if you do not tell the truth your soul will be cracked like the saucer"

Then there's the chicken oath, or King's oath, which came into use in Hong Kong when the British first took possession of that Pacific port city. Part of it consists of cutting off the head of a live fowl

A non-Christian Chinese is also sworn in some Canadian courts by writing his name on a piece of paper, after which he burns the paper and declares his intention of telling the truth or expecting his soul to be burned, like the paper and his name, if he doesn't.

A witness of the Christian faith holds a Bible in his right hand while the court clerk administers the oath "The evidence you shall give to the court and jury sworn in this case shall be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God." Sometimes however, a person called to give evidence in a case objects, on the grounds of conscientious scruples, to that oath, or someone objects to him. In these circumstances a solemn affirmation is accepted by the court and his evidence is given as though he had taken the oath.

In one trial a North American Indian non-Christian, said there was no ceremony in his tribe binding him to tell the truth But he seemed to know what was meant by the truth. He also said he believed in a Supreme Being who created all things So he was sworn in the usual manner and his evidence was admitted

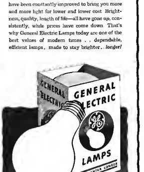
There are many other forms of administering the oath For instance, a *Hebrew* is sworn on the Pentateuch (the first five Books of the Bible) while keeping his head covered, the oath concluding with, "So help you, Jehovah."

A Mohammedan is sworn on the Koran to tell the truth He places his right hand flat on the book and his other hand is held to his forehead while he brings the top of his forehead down to touch the book. Then for some time he looks silently upon the book after which he is asked the effect the ceremony produced on him He replies that he is bound to keep the truth. The oath form for a Parsi is similar except that the Parsi prayer book is used instead of the Koran

A native of India who professes the Brahman religion is sworn to tell the truth in a ceremony during which he touches with his hand the feet of another Brahman Some other natives of India take the oath on water from the Ganges.

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50 Seconds to Rub—Circulation quickens, scalp wakes up, the flow of natural oil increases, your hair takes on a fresher, natural lustre.

10 Seconds to Comb and Brush—Your hair stays neatly in place and there is no objectionable "patent leather" look.

• • •

Dinner date or office meeting—it's the well-groomed man who commands attention and respect, and an essential part of good grooming is handsome, neat-looking hair.

The Vitalis "60-second workout" is the quick, easy way to keep your hair a real asset to your personality. Why not try it now . . . and see for yourself how a healthy, handsome head of hair can give you the confident, successful appearance that wins approval and admiration.

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VITALIS

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A Product of Bristol-Myers—Made in Canada

Wit and Wisdom

In Fewer Words

Try Toasting Them—Edible paper will be common after the war But that won't help us to digest some of our contemporaries' opinions. — Peterborough Examiner

Power of the Press—An Alberta newspaper recently announced that 'due to the shortage of newsprint a number of births will be postponed until next week.' And there are critics who claim the influence of the press is waning!—Kingston Whig-Standard.

Better Late Than Never—Rather than run over a dog which persisted in walking along the track in front of his engine, a Boston and Maine engineer stopped 12 times and lost 16 minutes. As a result there was a late train instead of a late dog —Toronto Star

Through Street—One philosopher advised that life shouldn't be taken too seriously, as none of us come out of it alive anyway —Brandon Sun.

Typical—The story goes that two days after the collapse of France a document was circulated to a number of high British officials by the Prime Minister, Mr Winston Churchill The main part of it set out boldly, and with out comment, the rather ghastly facts of the British position. But the real point lay in the note that accompanied it, which was characteristic both in phrasing and spirit. "I pray that I may have a week from this day," it ran, 'your ideas on how we will now proceed to win the war' —Empire Digest

Couldn't Fly Either—Heard about the fellow who sold his bird dog because it wouldn't sing a single note?—North Bay Nugget.

Bull's-Eye!—It's not only okay, but health promoting to hit a fly when he's down.—Chatham News.

Mistake—Plenty of American citizens seem to think they have a steak in Canada these days.—Brandon Sun.

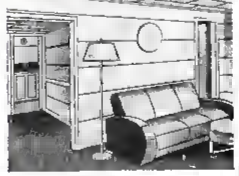
Turnabout — The old-fashioned mother who used to wonder how the children would turn out now has a daughter who wonders when hers will turn in.—Stratford Beacon-Herald



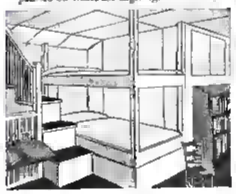
Drawn for Maclean's by Corks

"I may as well confess, Reverend, you've got me over a barrel."

YOU CAN AFFORD these very rooms IN YOUR HOME



This living-room achieves a so-modern planking effect through Masonite' Quarrboard applied horizontally, grooved and bevelled. Ceiling is bevelled Ashlar Block design. All surfaces painted off-white for high light reflection.



This children's room—smart, strikingly unusual is both durable and practical too. Stair-risers and built-in features of 2-deck bunk are Tempered Presdwood . . . wall and ceiling panels of Standard Quarrboard in high-gloss white enamel.



This kitchen's gleaming fixtures reflect the rich color from lower walls of Presdwood Tempered, | | impervious to water! Cabinets, upper walls and decoratively useful corner-niches are Tempered Presdwood Easy to work in... cheery, too.

On your present home—you can reproduce these rooms economically and enjoy all the improvements that versatile, modern Masonite Brand Products offer. Write for samples and booklet, "Distinctive Interiors for the Modern Home," to International Fibre Board Limited, Gatineau, Que., Dept 121-C.

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Laughing Matter

Tributa — A new government official who was rather pompous, was staying at a country inn, and as he entered the breakfast room the only other visitor present rose to his feet

"Sit down, sit down," boomed the official condescendingly

"Why!" asked the other 'Can't I get up for some marmalade?" —Sudbury Star

—

Repeater—Wedding Guest. "This is your fourth daughter to get married this year, is it not?'

MacTight. "Aye, and her confetti a gettin' awfu' gritty." — Guelph Mercury

—

Logical Answer—A recruit was being given an intelligence test in the Army.

"What would happen if one of your ears was cut off by a bayonet?" asked the examiner

"I couldn't hear as well'

"What would happen if your other ear was cut off?"

"I couldn't see."

'What do you mean?"

"My hat would fall down over my ears."—Welland-Port Colborne Evening Tribune.

—

Sir!—"How old are you, little girl?" asked the bus driver

"If you don't mind, big boy, I'll pay full fare and keep my statistics to myself"—Peterborough Examiner

—

Whale Tale—
A sailor adrift on the main
Had signalled an aircraft in vain,
So he just gave a hail,
And a pro-Ally whale
Kindly spouted him up to the plane
—Ottawa Evening Journal.

—

Understandable—Johnnie — "I wish I was Tommy Jones"

Mother—' Why? You are stronger than he is, you have a much better home more toys, and more pocket money'

Johnnie—"Yes, I know, but he can wiggle his ears"—Fort William Times-Journal

—

Up and at 'Em—"Have ye any ancistors, Mrs. Kelly?' asked Mrs O'Brien

"Ao' what's ancisters?"

"Why, people you sprung from."

'Listen to me, Mrs O'Brien' said Mrs Kelly 'I came from the rale stock av Donahues that spring from nobody. They spring at them!"—Galt Reporter

—

Night Flier—"My husband plays tennis, swims and goes in for physical exercise Does your husband take any regular exercise?'

"Well, last week he was out seven nights running"—Montreal Star

—

Off Key?—Smithkins. "That confounded cat of yours kept me awake all night."

Pudham. ' Well, what do you expect me to do about it—have it destroyed?'

Smithkins "No, but I was thinking you might have it tuned"—Sudbury Star

—

Too True—Chaplain "How could you have the heart to swindle people who trusted you?"

Prisoner "But, Parson people who don't trust you can't be swindled" —Montreal Star



Look what you get WITH IRON FIREMAN COAL HEATING

• When you analyze Iron Fireman's advantages you can understand why this type of heating is growing faster than any other. Here's what you get with an Iron Fireman

CONVENIENCE Iron Fireman regulates itself—you simply set the thermostat No running downstairs to shake grates, adjust drafts, bank fires. More time to sleep in the morning.

COMFORT The house is warm when you get up, and the temperature stays just where you want it all day. Drops down to 60 degrees at night, or whatever temperature you prefer.

CLEANLINESS Iron Fireman is clean in operation. It burns all the heat elements in coal making heat instead of smoke and soot. Coal feeds automatically from enclosed bin.

SAFETY Iron Fireman burns coal—the safe, solid, non volatile fuel—in the safest way.

HEALTH No fluctuating temperatures to aggravate winter ailments Iron Fireman's mellow warmth provides healthful indoor climate.

ECONOMY Iron Fireman burns the lowest cost fuel—coal more efficiently and cheaply than hand firing. Low operating cost, low upkeep, long life are additional economies.



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...Have you heard

How They're Going to HEAT Their House?

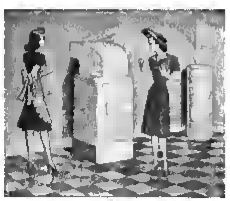




Coleman All Heater that will heat a house like a furnace. Will radiate heat circulate it, too. Good even, warm-floor heat through several rooms.



Coleman Floor Furnace will fit in the floor itself, will need no basement. Ideal for modernizing old homes. "Refueling" new ones.



Coleman Heat Blasts will fit a two-bedroom space in basement, garage, closet, etc. Heat an eight-room house at low cost.

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Coleman will offer you not one, but three improved forms of home heating appliances . . . Space Heaters, Floor Furnaces,' Central Heating Plants, and your choice of the clean fuels, oil or gas. There will be a wide range of models and prices. No home will be too modest to enjoy Coleman comfort.

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Parade

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

THE path of the amateur constructionist has its pitfalls as witness this account from Mission, B C , about a home-owning pair who set out to improve their front yard with a red concrete walk.

They kept busy as beavers all evening, and when they knocked off for a



cup of coffee the job was nearly completed

But the husband was not entirely satisfied. Presently he said 'I've been wondering. That stuff looks pretty watery to me.'

"Oh," said his wife. Then, "Ohh . . . !"

"What's the matter?" the husband asked anxiously

"I just remembered something that I . . . should have put in."

Husband and wife finished their coffee, not talking. Then they went wearily out and by the light of the moon and their porch globe, toiled until the small hours, mixing sand, water, red pigment and the forgotten ingredient, cement

• • •

We don't like to be unduly sensitive but to us here in sunny Toronto it does seem that Engineering News-Week handles our city with uncalled for harshness.

Five hundred and twelve thousand dollars,' reports our technical contemporary, 'will have been spent by the City of Toronto during 1945 on snow removal equipment . . . The city has purchased 36 heavy plows, 36 heavy duty trucks, 10 snow blowers, 12 street flushers with attachable plows and scarifiers to cut ice. Most of this equipment can be used throughout the year.'

If this sort of thing continues, they'll be warning summer visitors to bring their woollies.

• • •

Frank Isaac, who takes the sports salmon fishing on New Brunswick's Restigouche River, has a hat. Or rather he had one—a battered Stetson of incredible antiquity. Now it belongs to the Duke of Windsor.

Frank is an Indian guide. We're informed that he acquired the hat when he first began guiding. That was well over 20 years ago. Through the years the hat has been rained on, snowed on, trodden underfoot used to fan reluctant campfires, and, on occasion, has doubled as a water bucket. The result, as every outdoorsman will appreciate, is that the Stetson now boasts a shape, aroma and patina that no outfitter's store on earth can match.

Windsor a man of discernment, knew at a glance that here was no ordinary headpiece. So did his Duchess. They were fishing with Frank—landed 20-odd salmon in five days—and they kept looking at the hat and remarking upon it.

Finally the Duke asked where, if anywhere, he could fit himself out with one like it.

"You can't," Frank told him, and, with a princely gesture, took the Stetson off his head and handed it over.

• • •

Edmonton.

"Sir:

"The following is an original and could be set up by you, if you liked????

'England is really the original holder of the atomic bomb secrets.

"Why?

"Because, at the Battle of Waterloo, did not the Iron Duke say to his Guards Division, 'Up Guards and at 'em?'

"This little jest would probably not suit your smooth smug Torontonians, so my betting is 10-1 that you will not use it in either Wit and Wisdom or Parade.'

So?

• • •

So we come to the Saskatoon businessman who, wishing to talk to his brother-in-law, called long-distance and asked the operator to get him Mr. so-and-so at Allis-Chalmers Ltd. in Calgary.

In due course the operator called back. "We have Mrs. Alice Chalmers on the line," she declared, "but she says that no Mr so-and-so lives at their house."

• • •

A few words here concerning the gent who recently advertised in The Vancouver Daily Province as follows.



'I bought a Buick car and cannot find the place. If the company sees this ad give directions.'

Contributions to Parade should be of general interest, recent origin and refer to happenings within or closely connected to Canada. Items should be accompanied by some substantiating evidence. Abridged contributions are paid for at regular rates. No contributions can be returned.



ARE YOU A Postwar Planner?

• If you are, here's a bedroom idea to clip and put in your home planning file. Before you put it away, however, note the smart, colourful Marboleum floor. Linoleum is becoming more and more popular as the flooring for many rooms in the house and Marboleum is an outstanding choice. Its wide range of colours and pattern effects enables floors to become a part of the decorating scheme.

Other features which make Marboleum attractive are its resilience, its long wearing qualities and the ease with which it can be cleaned.

Marboleum FLOORS

DOMINION OILCLOTH & LINOLEUM COMPANY, LIMITED, MONTREAL

Star Performer!

CUTS GREASE...REMOVES DIRT SAFELY

HAVE YOU TRIED OLD DUTCH CLEANSER LATELY?



Cleans fast—
yet contains no scratchy grit!

No matter what your favorite cleanser has been, you owe it to yourself to try new improved Old Dutch Cleanser. Then see for yourself how much easier you get things clean—and quicker too. Old Dutch contains a special grease dissolver that cuts grease fast and Seismotite that erases dirt easily . . . quickly . . . safely . . . without scratching. So, for pots and pans, sinks, bathtubs, washbowls, refrigerators—*for all your* cleaning switch to Old Dutch Cleanser.



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

GET THE CLEANSER USED BY MORE WOMEN THAN ANY OTHER

MADE IN CANADA